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CONTENTS

Comments . . . . Page 65
Mr. Roosevelt's Partner 67
Russia, Germany and Poland 68
A London Diary. By Critic 68
The Writing on the Wall. By Sagittarius . . 69
This England 69
The U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. 70
Inter-Racial Attitudes. By Julian Huxley . 70
Page
Arab Encampment. By Abd el Nasr . . 71
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 72
The Flying Bum. By William Plomer . . 72
Correspondence 72
From Edward Thompson; Dr. M. Fortes; Joan Thompson; Cicely M. Craven.
Books in General. By V. S. Pritchett . . 74
Reviews: Page
The Young Joyce. By G. W. Stonier . . 74
Truepenny. By Noel Annan 75
The Saxon Conquest of Britain. By E. E. Kellett 76
Shorter Notice 76
Gramophone Notes. By Edward Sackville West 76
Week-end Competitions 78

JUNKERS AND NAZIS

THE historians of this war may be able to trace hrough the fog of Nazi propaganda the happenngs that shook the German Reich and the German armies last week. The best we can do is o grope and guess. We know enough, however, o realise that one of the major events of German istory happened behind the half-transparent urtain. There is a rift in the caste which has made for generations a fetish of loyalty and iscipline. It was the Junkers who held the tirrup for Hitler in 1933 and hoisted him into ower. They covered a disreputable adventurer with their prestige: they made his army for him: hey led it, under his megalomaniac direction, on s astonishing career of victory. To-day, in the our of defeat, the alliance is broken, and a part f this closely knit caste is in revolt. It has tried o seize the Government of the Reich, and this it id, because it realised that to prolong this ruinous war was for Germans national suicide. How near came to snatching power we do not know, nor ow much of it will survive the purge which Himmler is directing. But two things may be onfidently said. Between them the Nazis and hese Junkers have in this crisis shattered the myth of German loyalty beyond repair. This time he "stab in the back" came from the ruling lass. In the long run the effect of this week's appenings may be to breed in Germans a dread war and a revulsion against power politics eeper and more lasting than anything they felt 1918. On a short view, the behaviour of their generals must have a profound effect upon the morale of their troops, and Hitler is at the moment oing everything to counteract this.

Ever since destiny began to reveal itself at Stalingrad, two schools of thought have struggled r the mastery among those German soldiers and vilians who knew enough to enable them to orecast the inevitable end. The leaders of the Nazi Party may have believed fitfully in the hance of sowing dissension among the Allies: moments their own boasts about their secret weapons may have deceived them. But, on the whole, it is probable that they see in front of them e certainty of their eventual defeat. They themselves can hope for no quarter, and they mean to go down in a suicidal blaze of ruin. If the Nazi Party thinks of the post-war future at all, what it plans is probably an underground life of gangster activity and agitation. It has its following in the army, but the abler of the professional soldiers have realised for at least a year that the further prolongation of the war can only worsen Germany's lot. Few of them are interested in the political case against the Nazi despotism, and fewer still may realise the enormity of its crimes against the peoples of Europe. The broadcast of the sixteen generals from Moscow discloses their mind. As experts they resent the consequences of Hitler's temperamental strategy, and they can measure the overwhelming odds that confront Germany's armies. Some of them no doubt are thinking of the interests of their caste and even reckoning on a third world war, in which they and their sons will win back what the Nazis have squandered. Others, doubtless, are patriots whose aim it is to save their country from total ruin. Events have taught these soldiers that the road to an early peace and a tolerable settlement lies over the bodies of Hitler, the Nazi Party, and the S.S. How many of them had, or will have, the civic courage to act on their beliefs?

It seems, then, that the vigilance of the Nazi authorities was aroused on Wednesday. If so, it is singular that next morning a conspirator could plant his bomb undetected two yards from Hitler's sacred person at a staff conference. The question presents itself: was the artist who organised the burning of the Reichstag in 1933 again at work? In other words, did the Nazis hope by a faked attempt on Hitler's life to discredit the generals and set the conspiracy in motion prematurely? It may be argued that though Hitler was merely singed, three staff officers lost their lives. From such a sacrifice Himmler, in the interests of realism, might not shrink. What puzzles us, if the attempt was genuine, is that an officer who enjoyed General Beck's reputation for exceptional ability should have shown such incompetence in a conspiracy on which he had staked his life. Prussian staff work is seldom so inefficient.

However this may be, the attack on Hitler's life compelled the conspirators to act. We should judge that up to midnight on Thursday they were faring better than the Nazis expected. Their success evidently prompted the broadcasts which Hitler and Goering sent out at the unusual hour of 1 a.m. on Friday morning. There was in them a clearly audible note of alarm. This was not a danger Hitler could afford to despise. The same conclusion follows from the exceptional measures that were instantly adopted—notably the promotion of Himmler—a former teacher turned policeman—to command all the armed forces within the Reich. A measure less likely to appease officers of the Junker caste could hardly be invented. Finally, a broadcast by the crudest of the Nazi orators, Dr. Ley, advertised to all the world the breach between the Nazi Party and the Junker caste. We infer from this attack on "blue-blooded swine" that the Party now looks on the squirearchy from which the upper ranks of the officer class are drawn as its enemy. Like Mussolini, after he had lost his army, it is turning at the eleventh hour in a mood of demagogy to the masses. It can make itself safe only by a slaughter of senior officers on the scale of the massacre of June, 1934.

History may concede some private virtues to this Prussian governing caste, but is there any class in Europe that has wrought more evil in its day? It will have to be broken. No one will regret that Junkers and Nazis have fallen out, but on a short view a Nazi victory may prolong the war. An interim government of generals is very far from being the solution that any of us desire. But as we see the balance of forces a revolutionary transformation can begin in no other way. The army is the only power that can break the S.S. Once Himmler's apparatus of police tyranny were shattered, the workers and other progressive and pacific groups could organise as they cannot to-day. That would happen even if the first alternative Government were formed and controlled by soldiers, and when it happened the road might be open, as in Italy, to a genuinely democratic development.

Eastern Front Catastrophe

It is unlikely that the German Army or the German public will derive much consolation from the announcement that a final comb-out of man-power is to be conducted in the Reich under Goering and Goebbels with a view to replenishing the ranks of the *Wehrmacht*. Apart from the fact that total mobilisation long since reached its limit in Germany, and that there are no fresh resources of personnel other than children or cripples, the military debacle on the Eastern Front is moving too swiftly for recruitment of untrained reserves to have any effect. Strategically, the German position could not be worse. With their Armies in the Baltic States being steadily pressed back against the sea, and with other large forces isolated in Bessarabia, the whole central sector of the front between East Prussia and the Carpathians has collapsed. The reduction of the strongholds of Bialystock, Brest Litovsk and Lvov is to be expected within a matter of days. In the south the line of the San has already been forced; and, though delaying actions may be attempted behind the Vistula, there is nothing to stop Russian progress towards the frontier of the inner Reich, unless large forces can be withdrawn from other fronts.

War in the Marianas

The Japanese are making no attempt to conceal their discomfiture at the prospect of the loss of the Mariana Islands. The American landing last week on Guam, following the capture of Saipan, appears to be meeting with bitter resistance, but under the weight of naval and air bombardment the reduction of the island should only be a matter of time. With U.S. naval and air forces based in the Marianas, the Japanese are probably doubtful of their ability to maintain communications with the garrisons in the Caroline Islands and Pelew Island; and, if the whole of this strategic triangle of island groups in the Pacific falls into American hands, then, with the final extermination of the Japanese in New Guinea, New Ireland and the Solomons not far distant, the way should be open for operations either against the Philippines or Formosa. The changes effected in the Japanese High Command may point to the probability of more vigorous Japanese reactions; but though General Umezu, the new Chief of the General Staff, is reputed to be a dynamic personality, it seems doubtful whether Admiral Nomura, the new Chief of the Naval Staff, will dare to risk a major fleet action, in view of the Japanese Navy's marked air inferiority.

The Government of Poland

With the Russian armies already within fifty miles of Warsaw, the question of civil administration for liberated Poland must be settled now and on the spot. The Polish Government-in-Exile has thrown away one opportunity after another to reach agreement with Moscow. A Polish Committee of National Liberation will now take charge of civil administration in liberated Poland. The Committee is not, as the Polish Ministry of Information in London states, composed of obscure Communists. It is widely representative, and it is likely to become more so. As the Committee begins to function it is likely to win increasing support among the common people of Poland, many of whom have fought bravely in the Resistance Movement mainly with arms supplied by the USSR. All Poland's best friends will regret that Mr. Mikolajczyk failed to carry enough support among the Polish exiles to enable him to reach an agreement with the U.S.S.R. As a respected Peasant Party leader, his place is in Poland, where he would be useful in working out the drastic agricultural policy now announced.

The Polish Frontier

The new National Committee calls upon Poles "to stand up and fight for the return to the Motherland of the ancient Polish territory of Pomerania and Silesia, for East Prussia, for a broad access to the sea, for Polish boundary marks on the Oder." These phrases need interpretation. Pomerania in ordinary Polish speech connotes the Corridor, and not what the maps show as the German province of Pomerania, which extends from Stettin in the South to Mecklenburg in the West. When Poles talk of the ancient territory of Silesia we presume they mean the portion of Lower Silesia which went to Germany in the plebiscite of 1920, and which was therefore not included in pre-war Poland. This interpretation seems to fit with the phrase about "the boundary marks on the Oder," since the Oder would be the southern limit of Polish Lower Silesia. It is possible to make a case for a settlement of this kind, though there are great difficulties about either leaving a German population in Polish East Prussia, or about transferring so many Germans into a diminished Germany. Even these frontiers would involve great dangers for Poland. If the other interpretation, which would hand over to Poland a huge slice of purely German territory, like the German province of Pomerania, were correct, it would seem merely a way of asking the Poles to march to their doom, probably dragging the rest of us with them.

Greek Impasse

The Greek crisis can only go from bad to worse unless the British are willing to admit that, whether they like it or not, no Greek Government means anything without support from the resistance movement inside Greece. One result of British policy, inside Greece, is particularly disturbing. The failure of the Lebanon Agreement and the deliberate boycott of E.A.M. by the British is having the effect of throwing Greek resistance increasingly into the hands of the extreme wing and weakening the position of the more moderate and universally respected leaders like Professor Svolos. This does not mean that it strengthens the disciplined Communists, but that all sorts of wild and violent elements are likely to get their way. Naturally, this widens the breach between the resistance movement and the emigrés, and enables them to claim that E.A.M. has never sincerely sought a compromise, but has wanted only a complete triumph for its sectional views. This is nonsense. E.A.M. was, and remains, the chief element of the liberation forces in Greece. The representatives that it sent to the Lebanon were honest and reasonable men who were prepared to make important concessions in order to achieve a genuine and united government. It is now clear that they were tricked by Mr. Papandreou, who believed that he had British support for his vendetta against E.A.M. Little wonder that their supporters are becoming increasingly desperate and cynical. They know how little popular support Mr. Papandreou commands, and they interpret his actions—perhaps rightly—as the moves of a puppet of King George of the Hellenes and the British. A very great responsibility rests on the Foreign Office.

A Plan for World Finance

The delegates at Bretton Woods succeeded in finishing their labours last Saturday. At the last moment the Soviet Union agreed to increase their subscription to the proposed Reconstruction Development Bank to the same figure as its subscription to the Monetary Fund; and the last serious obstacle to general agreement was thus got out of the way. Mr. Morgenthau and Lord Keynes made optimistic statements at the conclusion of the proceedings; but, as Lord Keynes said, no Government is bound to what its delegates have accepted, and the delegates had to leave Bretton Woods not with a firm compact made, but "as missionaries." The Fund and the Bank will both have to be accepted by each of the forty-four nations concerned before the agreement can come into force; and there appears to be intention of delaying submission to the United States Congress until after the Presidential Election, and perhaps even until the new Congress comes into action. In any case, neither the Fund nor the Bank is designed to deal so much with immediate as with longer-run problems of reconstruction. Their importance for the time being is that of providing a pattern into which short-run measures can be designed to fit as soon as possible. It is impracticable, until full details are available, to say how much the Bretton Woods decision diverges from the Joint Monetary plan of the British and American experts or from the American plan for a world Investment Bank. It looks as if the monetary decisions stick pretty closely to the joint plan, whereas the plan of the Bank has undergone revision which will considerably limit its operations and utility. In general it seems that the British delegates have not had to sign away any principle vital to Great Britain, and the two plans, though too small in scale, can be welcomed as giving, on the whole, an auspicious start to post-war financial collaboration.

Public School Conference

The Fleming Committee on Public Schools was given a difficult job, and from the tone of its rival interim reports on the abolition of fees in State secondary schools it seemed unlikely that it would reach an agreed conclusion on its main reference. That it has done so, and without any reservations, implies compromise, which was made possible because, while it was sitting, the Education Bill provided a framework into which its recommendations, in order to stand a chance of acceptance, would have to fit. In its report, the effects of compromise are again and again evident; and the first result is a scheme which will work out as reasonably democratic or quite the reverse according to the way in which it is administered by the Board of Education and according to the spirit in which headmasters and governing bodies approach the large discretionary tasks which are put upon them. The general principle proclaimed in the Report, that no child shall be debarred by its parents' poverty from getting the education that will best meet its needs is, in fact, impracticable in the short run, simply because there will not be enough really good schools to go round. This applies especially to boarding schools, at any rate if it is to be believed that boarding-school education is best for any considerable number of children. The Report proposes to "associate" the independent schools, both day and boarding, with the general educational system without absorbing them in it, and puts forward a complicated scheme (or, rather, two schemes) for day and boarding schools respectively, on lines which will leave these schools independent and in possession of their traditions, while giving them considerable aid from public funds. Any such scheme may be either a method of really making the schools concerned more democratic or a device for enabling them to steal the abler pupils from other schools and convert them into little gentlemen in the interests of the existing social order. The Fleming Committee disclaims this latter objective; but there are traces of it in the Report, and the plan proposed could be easily perverted to further it. This is a comment based on a first reading of a long and difficult document, to which we propose to return next week.

"Private Enterprise Housing"

The *Report on Private Enterprise Housing* issued last week by the Stationery Office, is a extraordinary document. It emanates from th Private Enterprise Sub-Committee of the Centr Housing Advisory Committee of the Ministry o Health; and it has already drawn from th Government a promise of a post-war subsidy fo houses built by private agencies. The Repo refers to a forthcoming proposal from the Buildin Societies Association of a scheme under whic these societies will after the war finance th erection of houses for letting as well as for sal and records its satisfaction without saying wh the scheme will be. The Sub-Committee at th outset expresses its belief that, given favourab conditions, the housing needs of a large section of the people can be met without assistance from public funds, and then goes on to urge that some form of subsidy will be indispensable "until costs settle down at a level which is in balance with the cost of living and wage-rates." When, between the wars, did costs settle down at such a level? Never, if what is meant is a level at which decent houses could be built without subsidy for letting at rents which ordinary wage-earners could afford to pay. How soon may we expect costs to reach such a level after the war, even if—a very big if—all necessary measures are taken to control profiteering in the supply of materials and requisites as well as in the building itself? The Government may pretend that its subsidy to private enterprise is only a stop gap; but it will be very difficult to take off, and is in reality to be regarded as a deliberate step towards putting the building societies back to their pre-war position of dominance and keeping municipal house-building down to the lowest minimum. It is, in short, yet another decisively anti-socialist measure in which our "Socialist" Ministers appear to have acquiesced.

PARLIAMENT: The Old, Old Story

Wednesday, noon.

THE chronicler wearies of the phrase "yet another." He must, however, record that the House gave a mixed reception to yet another compromise White Paper which was not completely to the taste of either Tories or Labour and could have no validity under any but a Coalition Government. But, as Frank Bowles pointed out, this White Paper deals with a specifically post-war problem—the disposal of surplus Government stocks when peace comes.

Hugh Dalton introduced the debate with something less than his usual clarion confidence. Profiteering, such as took place after the last war, must be prevented, he said; continued controls would help to ensure that. Raw materials must be got rid of with care and "used to the general advantage." We must not simply unload on Europe what we might not want ourselves. The reactionary and garrulous Dr. Russell Thomas jumped up to burble "Charity begins at home." Dalton hit boldly back: "No, charity does not begin at home unless your home is large enough to contain all your friends." There were also interruptions from Left and Centre—from Bowles, who objected that private traders would be "making profits for themselves out of Government stocks" (Dalton: "The profit must be controlled"); and from Sir George Schuster, who said would Dalton please not use that nasty word "profit" and alk instead about "fair remuneration for services." (Dalton: "No, sir, I shall use the terms hat are commonly understood.") Factories would be allocated after the war in accordance with public interest—location of industry, export rade, planning, etc.—not by competitive bidding. There was the usual Tory bleat against controls. Gallacher made a good point: "The Prime Minister said, and all the Conservatives agreed, hat we cannot discuss the transfer of private industry [coal] to the State because it is controversial: yet we can discuss the transfer of ational property to private enterprise—that's ot controversial."

Lipson, the Independent Tory M.P. for Cheltenham, raised on the adjournment a case of efusal of pension to the widow of a soldier who ad died of cancer, apparently aggravated by military service. Sir Walter Womersley, whose omely, chummy, north-country manner conceals flinty business brain, blandly denied the ggravation, and said that the widow could apply or money from other sources and would "not e much worse off than if she had a pension from my department."

Another, longer adjournment debate took place on Friday, when Bellenger raised the question of the welfare of British troops in India. Constitutionally, this position is unsatisfactory. The troops pass largely out of the control of the War Office and under that of the Government of India; Amery thus becomes responsible to the House for their welfare, and, as he admitted, it is impossible for him to "cover the whole field of administration . . . with the same closeness of detail as is given by Ministers to matters in this country directly under their control." So Indian contractors swindle the unfortunate troops with impunity.

Morrison apologised after question-time for an extraordinary oversight: his department had simply omitted to lay a whole batch of regulations before Parliament, and these regulations had actually been in operation for some time. Members (especially Tory) were not backward in rubbing the Home Secretary's nose in it; there was concern on all sides about the position of citizens who might have been illegally prosecuted under these invalid regulations.

Grigg, who had of late shown some signs of urbanity, slipped back badly on Tuesday. Hugh Lawson (Common Wealth) asked about the unsuccessful successor to the suppressed Forces Parliament in Cairo. Grigg, no doubt calculating that this Left-wing Member was insignificant and unpopular, replied with studied and contemptuous negligence that he had not bothered to ask for the information requested, "as it does not seem to be a matter of sufficient interest." He added, when pressed, that "the original public meetings were a species of political exhibitionism which it was quite right for the Commander-in-Chief to restrict." Labour Members rallied to Lawson's defence; but the Speaker ruled that a Minister could always refuse to answer a question "if he thinks that it is in the public interest to do so."

It was *à propos* of Grigg, also, that Stokes coined a quaint new word which provoked shouts of mock-shocked laughter and is duly recorded in Hansard: the word *humbuggery.*

PONTIFEX MINOR

MR. ROOSEVELT'S PARTNER

IN the atmosphere of Chicago the conventions of both the American parties have conformed to a single pattern. In both the Machine has won; in both the idealists were defeated. The big event of the Republican mobilisation for the coming contest happened before the Convention met: Mr. Wendell Willkie had eliminated himself. The Democrats conducted their affairs with a livelier sense for drama: Mr. Wallace fought hard and came near to winning the Convention by sheer sincerity and courage. The adoption of Mr. Roosevelt was, of course, inevitable: his party would have committed suicide if it had failed to nominate him, or done it by an indecisive vote. It was, in the circumstances, a remarkable aberration that a group of Southern Diehards, led by Labour's outstanding enemy, Senator Byrd, of Virginia, did venture to oppose him.

The significant event of the Convention was the struggle that raged round the person of Mr. Wallace. The Democratic Party has always been a Janus that faces both ways. It can usually attract the votes of the workers in the industrial East and of the farmers in the West, both groups predominantly progressive; but it must always enlist Southern States, which are, with rare exceptions, Conservative and often reactionary. On this occasion the more advanced half of organised Labour, the C.I.O., intervened in the contest with a decision and interest new in American politics, and it, of course, supported Mr. Wallace. The President, who has swung perceptibly to the Right since the last election, did not, on the balance, help his chances. To be sure, he said in a published letter that if he were a delegate he would vote for Mr. Wallace, who is his personal friend. What seemed significant in this was that he refrained from approving his activities or his ideas; moreover, he also said that he would be happy if Senator Truman were chosen. Mr. Wallace, while opposition rolled up from many quarters, defiantly refused to lower his flag or to play at politics. He made the outstanding speech of the Convention, as attractive (so we are told) in form as in matter. In it he campaigned for the social programme of the New Deal and for a planned economy in the international field as well as at home. But his startling act of courage was that he defied the South by calling for the abolition of the Poll Tax, with which it disfranchises its Negroes and the poorest of its white share-croppers.

The Convention was deeply impressed, and had the vote been taken then it is likely that Mr. Wallace would have been nominated, once again, for the Vice-presidency. The Machine managed to get it delayed, and in the interval used all its arts to secure the victory of its own choice, Senator Truman, a Southerner. The moral influence of Mr. Wallace, in spite of this defeat, stands as high as ever. There is to our thinking no man in American politics who comes near him by his unusual combination of character with economic insight and administrative ability. In recent years, moreover, this rather shy and retiring man has learned to speak in public with a warmth that wins affection as well as assent. We should like to think that his influence will survive this defeat and that some position will be found for him in which he can still exercise his gifts as a leader and an intellectual pioneer. But he is not a Senator, and will have no recognised place in the life of the Republic when he steps down from the high office he now holds. The same thing is true of Mr. Willkie. America often wastes her leaders.

No omens can be drawn from this Convention which contradict the inferences that follow from Mr. Wallace's defeat. Mr. Roosevelt's speech of acceptance was in its confidence and serenity a remarkable utterance, but it dealt rather with the war than with the coming election. It was America's Commander-in-Chief who spoke, rather than the Democratic candidate. The Platform is briefer, more straightforward and much better written than the Republican document. It is as plain-spoken as one could wish in its acceptance of an international organisation to ensure peace. It should be noted that it called, as the Republican Platform also did, for unrestricted Jewish immigration into Palestine—a cause which any American Government that may be chosen will have to further in the Peace Settlement. On the subject of Negro rights, on the other hand, which the Republicans emphasised, it was noticeably silent. Neither the President's speech nor the Platform held out any hope that if the Democrats win again they will enlarge the scope of the New Deal. That means, we are afraid, that the younger men, who hoped for something distantly resembling a Beveridge plan, have been silenced. What we may hope and expect from a fourth term, if Mr. Roosevelt secures it, as he probably will, is rather that he will defend what has been won than that he will extend it. The Republicans, on the other hand, are pledged to a reckless return to *laissez-faire*. If we accept Senator Truman as the typical figure of the fourth term, the prospect is nicely balanced. He shares the usual Southern views about Negroes, but he is not, either in home or foreign politics, a reactionary. As the active chairman in several of the Senate's enquiries into the organisation of industry for the war effort he faced Big Business, including the formidable Steel Trust, with commendable courage. The creative phase in the life of the Democratic Party may be over, but it will not destroy its own work.

RUSSIA, GERMANY AND POLAND

(Cabled by Our Moscow Correspondent)

To be in Moscow to-day, to listen to the radio, to read *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, is enough to make you permanently dizzy. One thinks almost with nostalgia of the day when the Soviet Union's present problems resolved themselves to one simple formula, "Death to the German Invaders!" To-day, you look with awe and amazement at the map, and mentally try to measure the distance between Stalingrad and Grodno, between Vladikavkaz and Lublin, or else you take a ruler and make the even more amazing discovery that the distance covered by the Red Army between Mohilev and Lublin in the past month is equal to the distance between Lublin and Breslau, between Grodno and a point in Pomerania well to the west of Danzig and Gdynia. Will and can the Red Army maintain the same rate of advance? Its communication lines are becoming stretched and the German bases are coming closer every day. But is there any German army to withstand the Russian "steam-roller"? Sixteen of the German Generals captured in Byelo-Russia don't think so. With the immense debacle inflicted on Germany in Byelo-Russia, the Russians have hacked an enormous gap in the German front. See what sixteen German Generals are saying:

> At the moment of writing the Russian armies are advancing through a gap 500 kilometres wide towards the frontiers of the Reich. They are outside Dvinsk, Kovno, Brest; they are inside Grodno. Now they have started an offensive in the South, they have forced the Western Bug and are outside Lvov. This marks the beginning of the collapse of the Southern end of the German front. The Northern Army Group in Latvia and Estonia is in danger of being cut off. The German Supreme Command has not yet told the German people a single word about the annihilation of the Central groups of the German armies. Their communiques merely talk of places that have been abandoned, about shortening the front, etc. But the Führer and German propaganda are doing all they can to conceal real facts from the German people so that they continue to fight and obey.

Sixteen out of twenty-one captured German Generals signed this document, the main conclusion of which is that Hitler has betrayed the German Army with his incompetence, his everlasting failure properly to assess Russian strength, and his gambling spirit. It concludes that Hitler must be overthrown and peace made so that Germany may be saved the horror of invasion and destruction and be allowed to preserve her powers of national revival. This last phrase is implied rather than used. Underlying it all is the long-term policy of the German General Staff. Hitler has been the tool of the German Army so far; now he has become an obstacle and must be discarded. There is a touch of unconscious humour at the beginning of the document where the German Generals accuse Hitler of having broken the golden rule laid down by Bismarck—never to attack Russia. In other words, Germany should be careful to confine her aggressions to the West. Russians I know have been laughing at this. One of them said: "I bet that's not what they said on June 22nd, 1941." Needless to say, the Russians are fully as distrustful of these German Generals as they are of Nazis. For all one knows, they might stage the overthrow of Nazis and turn up somewhere abroad as real German gentlemen and saviours of democratic German law and order. And they might even find some people to listen to them. One thing is clear: the Russians are absolutely determined to smash completely the German war machine and German powers of military recuperation, and these Generals are the last people in the world who will help do that. But if their manifestos and declarations are published in the Soviet Press it is because it is useful that the German people and the German Army should, in one way or another, know about it.

It all makes one dizzy: these German manifestos, the nightly salutes announcing more and more first-class victories, the news from Germany, the sudden news that the Red Army is well inside Poland, and then the whole batch of documents showing that a Polish National Council has been set up and that its decrees and manifestos are being signed in Warsaw. Five members of the National Council are in Warsaw; the rest are somewhere in Poland. Whether people in London or Washington like it or not, what has happened was bound to happen. In all history there has probably not been such an example of an ostrich policy as the policy of the Polish Government in London. Its members have spent their time since the death of General Sikorski in "smart" polemics and skilful lobbying. They have forgotten that here there were three real forces: the Union of Polish patriots, Polish Army units and, perhaps the most important of all, a big underground movement in Poland. All three were backed by the formidable strength of the Red Army with a sufficiently attractive programme—"Death to the German Invaders!" That isn't all: the National Council has published a thoroughly constructive programme of internal reform. It isn't a Communist programme. Amongst the members on the Council are the old General of the Polish Army, Rola-Zimerski, and Andrew Witos, a leader of the Peasant party. Their Manifesto to the Polish people deserves the closest study. With its land and other reforms, with its provisions for the return of emigrés, with its treatment of frontier questions, it presents a coherent programme by which Poland can live. Whether one likes all its features or not, that is more than has been produced by anyone in London. Whether "Polish boundary-marks on the Oder" need be taken literally is perhaps unimportant on the question of precise frontiers the Manifesto leaves many loopholes. What the document means is that those who have drawn it up hold the view that Poland cannot stand completely alone, that she must "orientate" herself either towards Russia or Germany, that Colonel Beck and so many of the men in London tried German orientation and failed hopelessly, and that Pilsudski's "neither one nor other" proved equally disastrous. The Polish Government has no practical alternative to what the Polish National Council has done.

I think at heart the Russians regret that the Polish Government did not show a greater sense of reality in recent months—something Sikorski would certainly have shown. All the documents that I have here concerning the struggle inside Poland between the National Council organisations which came into being early this year and Sosnkowski's *Armija Krajowa* make the most dismal and painful reading, which can only be compared with similar facts concerning Greece, and Yugoslavia before the time when Tito was finally recognised. All Sosnkowski's publications have conducted a violent campaign against these "Communist Bands" which in reality were not in most cases Communist, and had strong support amongst the Polish peasant masses. National Council supporters had to fight an unequal struggle, as one of their documents published last March says, "against two enemies, Sosnkowski's men and German gendarmerie." The leader of District 8 wrote of the massacre in January of National guards by "cut-throats of the *Armija Krajowa* in the village of Pardolow and how the Germans expressed their delight at this internecine war amongst Poles.

Representatives of the National Council recently came to Moscow to obtain help and arms for their very inadequately armed men. They explained that if they got arms they would have a large peasant army to fight the Germans. But the very fact that arms are now being given lavishly to Polish peasant organisations, that the peasantry has been given eminently acceptable land reforms by the Polish National Council—all this is going to make things much easier and create greater confidence. Poles here have always held that the last word will be said by people inside Poland. The National Council was anxious to establish contact with the British and Americans. I may say that there were unofficial contacts and that much interest was shown by those concerned in the movement. It was also felt that neither the Polish Council nor the Polish Army in the U.S.S.R. could be ignored in the long run. But these contacts remained unofficial perhaps because there was fear of offending the London Polish Government. In the same way, when a visit was recently arranged to the Polish Army Corps in the Soviet Union the Americans at least sent one General as observer, even at the risk of Mr. Harriman "getting hell." Actually, Harriman did not get hell, and his attitude of never closing his eyes to any important factor in a situation appears to have been approved. But no British representative went. London Poles, not sufficiently discouraged in this by the British, who should have known better, continued to scream about Lvov and Vilna or to speak vaguely about eventually establishing contact with Moscow instead of taking the bull by the horns. It is recognised here that there are some reasonable people in London, perhaps Mikolajczyk, probably Romer, but that they have had their hands tied by the diehards. Will recent events help untie their hands?

July 25th.

A LONDON DIARY

The principal importance of Sumner Welles's new book *The Time for Decision* (of which I have seen one of the few early copies in this country), is that it gives some indication of the type of proposal about Germany put up to the President. Mr. Welles has always been close to the President and has often flown his kites. But its emphasis on a separate Catholic South Germany is particularly characteristic of Mr. Welles himself. This book has much else that is interesting. The account of the necessarily abortive trip Mr. Welles made to Europe in 1940, includes character sketches of the Nazi leaders; Ribbentrop comes out as diabolic and Hess as scarcely more than a half-wit. There is the remark that America made a fatal error in not backing the Spanish Government against Franco. Mr. Welles's defence of Roosevelt's policy towards Vichy and Darlan is also worth a glance. But the important chapter, which includes a map of a tripartite Germany, is based on the assumption that the German General Staff has already world plans for another even better and bigger war. It relies, according to this account, on the Allied Powers quarrelling again, and failing to make any success of the Peace, while Germans contrive by the principle of "indirect complicity" (not very clearly defined, but clear enough in idea) to harness all the production of Europe, and beyond it, once again to the uses of the German war-machine. Mr. Welles despairs of a democratic Germany in a foreseeable future and thinks a revolutionary Germany might be just what the German General Staff would like best. He is therefore in favour of a scheme by which Germany is divided into three parts. This scheme is to be accompanied not by a punitive economic policy, but by a European customs union, and Germans are to have an equal share in European prosperity. I can make little consistency or sense out of this, because, if there is a customs union, the three Germanies would unite; indeed they could only be kept apart if the Allies, including America, were prepared indefinitely to police Germany. First question then: Are Americans in the least likely to be willing to stay in Europe and enforce such a treaty against the Germans? Secondly, ha Mr. Welles or anyone else plans that they can ge carried into operation for uniting with Britain Russia and other Powers for integrating Europ and guaranteeing freedom from want? If so, let's hear about that. If we can agree about the settlement of European economic problems, the German problem is easy. In fact, if the Great Powers agree in Europe, a defeated and disarmed Germany is helpless anyway; there are a score of ways by which, in agreement, they can prevent German rearmament. It cannot happen without complicity of other Powers. Obviously, the thing we need to know is the joint scheme for the abolition of want in Europe. Then all other things will be added unto us.

* * *

The Sunday papers carried a funny picture of Hitler with right arm out of action shaking hands with an agreeable-looking old gentleman in a cloak and cap, who looked as if he had retired from active life, keeping a café perhaps outside Cairo. This was said to be the great, fervid, bellicose, grandiloquent, magnificent thunderer, the Duce, founder of the Italian Empire, Lion of Ethiopia, conqueror of Spain, lord of the Mediterranean. The chin, worn so high, and the chest worn so full and expansive when I saw him last walking side by side with the spare Mr. Chamberlain in Rome in January, 1939, have somehow ceased to be aggressive. The change is explicable enough. It must have begun with the war. Sumner Welles, who visited the Duce in Rome in 1940, says in his book that instead of the dynamic, animated personality he expected, he found Mussolini looking:

> Fifteen years older than his actual age of fifty-six. He was ponderous and hectic rather than vital. He moved with an elephantine motion; every step appeared an effort. He was heavy for his height, and his face in repose fell in rolls of flesh. His close-clipped hair was snow-white. At his side was a large cup of some hot brew which he sipped from time to time.

Benger's Food, no doubt.

* * *

White-headed or not, Mussolini's intuition did not fail him when he declared that the Fascist party had gone Republican. Apart from Mr. Churchill, there seem almost as few Italian as there are Greek monarchists. Members of the Bonomi Government (which officially takes over in Rome on August 1) refused to attend a ceremonial occasion with the King the other day, and though Croce is certainly sincere in saying that he wants to get back to his study, there is no doubt that the main reason for his retirement is that he will not serve under Umberto. And why should he, or any other Italian, want to support the House of Savoy? What does it represent except the support of reaction, especially for the great landowners of Sicily and Calabria and possibly even for those landowners whose estates have now been split up in the north and who will, no doubt, want them back again if public opinion permits. I doubt if public opinion will. The reality when the Allies reach North Italy will be the organised strength of the resistance movement, whose aid has now been recognised in no less than ninety separate communiques from General Alexander's headquarters. These organisations are bound to be tough and determined on social change. It was no doubt right to imprison a partisan in Rome who shot a policeman when he was tearing down a partisan leaflet; purges should not be carried out by individuals or with excessive violence, and discipline must be maintained. But policemen and others should not go about tearing down partisan posters; to do so shows an unwise disregard for Italian public opinion. Primarily, I think, it will be concerned with land and food. UNNRA is not to apply to Italy and food will be desperately short, unless the distribution is much better organised than it is now. The cry of Sturzo's party has always been: "The Land for the People," and the case for a change in land tenure and for central control of food, especially of wheat, will be overwhelming in post-war Italy.

* * *

I have seen few references in the British press to the third principle laid down by Henry Wallace when he returned from Chungking. Apart from the promise to co-operate with China in victory and after, he declared that the enslaved people of Asia must all obtain freedom. Tactfully the Chinese press has interpreted this as applying to Formosa and Korea, and said little or nothing about Indo-China and Malay, let alone Burma and India. Henry Wallace is, strangely, the only world figure in politics who has the courage to speak "for the common man."

* * *

Personal liberty has never been the strongest point of Chinese civilisation. So I take it as a welcome sign of the times that a law should be enacted in Chungking (to come into force on August 1st) described as a "Chinese Habeas Corpus." But before we know whether it deserves this description we need more details of the change and some evidence of a corresponding change in the administration of justice. The Chinese *Central News Agency* thus summarises the provisions of this law.

> According to the Act a person should be set free immediately if he is arrested on insufficient grounds, or under suspicion not strong enough to warrant detention. If a person is arrested by prosecuting authorities which have no jurisdiction over him, he should be moved within two days to those who claim jurisdiction. Detention writs should invariably be produced whenever an arrest is effected, except in cases when military implications are involved. If an arrest is made by proxy, the person so arrested should be sent to the executing organ within two days. All unlawful arrests under private motivation are strictly forbidden.

The last strict prohibition is charming. I presume the law really does more than say that people whom the authorities have decided they ought not to have arrested shall be released? That is all this summary amounts to. The principle of Habeas Corpus—that the independent courts of justice will insist on a speedy trial or a release, if there is no immediate trial—is not even hinted at in this summary. We must ask Chungking for more particulars. Nothing would please the friends of China more than to hear that a genuine Habeas Corpus, which the courts would have a chance of operating, is to be enforced in China. There is nothing in this, no doubt quite inadequate, summary, to hamper the activities of Tai Li, the redoubtable chief of the Chinese secret police.

* * *

Into a U.S. saloon, largely patronised by Czechs, there entered a Negro who ordered a drink for himself. After he had been served a Czech, who was a little merry, shouted for drinks all round to everyone, except for that black so-and-so. The Negro, after finishing his drink, called out in a loud voice and speaking perfect Czech, that he wanted drinks for everyone all round except that white so-and-so. Whereupon the Czech rushed up effusively offering to shake hands and crying that he had no idea that the Negro was a Czech. "I will not shake hands," said the Negro, "I am not a Czech; I am a Slovak."

* * *

Overheard: "The blasted thing chased me right up Fetter Lane." And I said to her "You never saw such a mess in all your life" I said; "It's a good thing she's as deaf as a post." "No, we didn't want him dead yet. He's got to suffer." "Ah, the sooner he's out of it, the better," I say. "It took his pants off anyway." "He'll need more than one new pair of pants before the finish." "I'll bet anyone what you like I'll burn my black-out before Christmas and burn it on a bonfire too—at midnight." "It's after the war the trouble will begin." "Trouble? What trouble?" "Don't you remember last time, unemployment. . . ." "Oh, it will be different this time." "Will it?" Thus scepticism and disillusion and fatalism so far outweigh optimism and idealism in the pub. Perhaps the belief that we can change things will come with the men when they return from overseas?

CRITIC.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

[Events inside the Reich seem to show that experienced Generals have seen the writing on the wall. —Mr. Eden, July 24th.]

When all round Europe's Fortress the Allied armies surge,
And Soviet spearheads hammer at the gate,
And Nazi leaders' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of purge
To circumvent the crises in the State,
When the Wehrmacht and the Party stage their first impromptu brawl,
The neutrals clearly recognise the writing on the wall.

When now the little rift is seen within the German lute,
Though careless talk inside the Reich is barred,
And all the Home Front Herrenvolk are absolutely mute
With a million S.S. bloodhounds standing guard,
When the Führer screams for vengeance, and Ley and Goebbels bawl,
Well, even the civilians see the writing on the wall.

When the Wehrmacht is instructed to adopt the Nazi "Heil!"
While the Party's mopping up the Officers' Corps,
It is perfectly apparent to the Army rank and file
That something odd has happened to the war;
As the Baltic and the Polish and the Prussian bastions fall,
The Jerries as they run can read the writing on the wall.

When Generals long established on the German General Staff
Win the Order of the Oak Leaves and the Sword,
The honour seems intended as a kind of epitaph,
And is taken as a posthumous award;
There are obsequies attended by the Little Corporal,
For Generals who failed to see the writing on the wall.

When missing Marshals fade away or vaguely disappear
For hindering intuitive designs,
Or meet with fatal accidents while flying to the rear,
Experienced commanders read the signs.
With Himmler standing ready to exterminate them all,
Not even Generals can miss the writing on the wall.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to J. F. Abbott

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Wanted.—Young Lady to Train as Lion Tamer. —*Perthshire Advertiser.*

There is, to me, a striking resemblance between Hitler's doodle bombs and the series of alleged disclosures published in book form by Victor Gollancz. Both are forms of attack which are acknowledged by all sane-minded people to be beyond the pale of decent, clean fighting.—Letter in *The Recorder*

Opposing the nomination of Mr. J., a railway porter, to fill a vacancy on the County Council, Mr. Thomas stated at a meeting of Holyhead Town Council that the cost of attending meetings of the authority was about £1 per meeting.

In his opinion, working men should allow well-to-do people to represent their interests until such time as it was decided to pay members of the County Council.

A retired bank manager was nominated.—*Liverpool Echo.*

THE U.S.A. AND THE U.S.S.R.

(From our Correspondent in the United States.)

"Russia is the only major Power with which the United States has never been at war." Opinion is still somewhat divided amongst Americans as to whether this is a lamentable omission or an honourable achievement. Mr. Dulles in *The Road to Teheran* uses this peaceful record to underline his thesis that the accord between Russia and America reached at Teheran is a return to traditional friendship based on mutually compatible interests.

Mr. Dulles is too honest an historian to conceal the real springs of Russian and American policy, and too shrewd a psychologist to overlook them. But he concentrates his gaze on the fine bloom of Russo-American friendship rather than on the primal urges which supported it. Yet it is just these factors which are most significant in making any judgment of the future of Russo-American relations, and it is certainly interest in the future, not the past, which has made this work almost a best seller.

The earliest relations between Russia and the United States were not wholly favourable. Francis Dana spent two years (1781–3) in St. Petersburg vainly hoping to be accepted as a minister by the Empress Catherine. He never got nearer than being snubbed by the Imperial Vice-Chancellor. Twenty-five years later when President Jefferson succeeded in obtaining diplomatic recognition from the Czar Alexander I, the U.S. Senate "riveted to the system of unentanglement in Europe" (in Jefferson's scornful phrase) refused to approve the appointment of a Minister. This display of mutual unconcern at least made clear at the outset one of the governing factors in Russo-American relations—that the two countries had no conflicting interests—in fact, no interest in each other at all. In foreign affairs distance often makes the heart grow fonder.

It is to Great Britain that America and Russia owe the privilege of closer acquaintance. The two latter found themselves united in a common antipathy and distrust of ourselves. In the Crimean War American sympathies were wholly with Russia, not for her own merits but as the enemy of Britain. The U.S. demonstrated her solidarity with Russia by expelling the British Minister and three consuls from the country. In the American Civil War Russia reciprocated these sentiments gallantly, and laid the foundation for a popular myth of Russian friendship, as lasting as the antipathy to England for her alleged friendliness to the South. American enthusiasm for Russia reached its height in 1863 when large detachments of the Russian fleet suddenly sailed into New York and San Francisco harbours, with their bands gallantly thumping out "Yankee Doodle" under the impression that it was the Union national anthem! Toasts were drunk to Alexander the Liberator and Lincoln the Emancipator, and there were strong demands that America should cease to be a mere fellow traveller with Russia and enter into a formal alliance.

The basis for Russia's policy was completely devoid of sentiment, according to Mr. Dulles' reading of the records. The Czar had ordered the fleet to leave its own harbours because he feared that Great Britain was about to attack Russia and would bottle up her fleet again as in 1854. The North had been encouraged because Russia needed a counterweight to Britain, and a strong Union was, in the words of the Russian Minister at Washington, "the best guarantee against the ambitious projects and political egotism of the Anglo-Saxon race."

In fact, in the Atlantic balance of power Russia and America had felt drawn together as a counterpoise to Britain. But at the end of the nineteenth century both the United States and Russia were beginning to play a role in the Pacific. Here the two countries were neighbours and rivals. Their policies clashed in China, where America championed the Open Door policy and where Russia aimed at receiving exclusive rights in the whole of Manchuria. In the Russo-Japanese war, as a result, American sympathy was almost entirely with Japan, and in Russia the press declaimed violently that the real enemy behind Japan was America.

Freed from the restraining weight of diplomatic considerations in the foreign field, American dislike of Czarist absolutism quickly bobbed to the surface. There was nothing new in the sentiment, Mr. Dulles admits, for the Monroe Declaration had been largely directed against the importation of Russia's "disgusting notions of monarchy" into the West Coast area of Oregon Territory. But William Randolph Hearst's demand in 1903, for direct action against "the Bear with the bloody paws," was the opening gun in a campaign of vilification which his papers have pursued uninterruptedly for forty years, and in which even to-day he is still the first but only amongst many peers.

Indeed, it would not be difficult to maintain the thesis that this state of malevolent neutrality became the tradition of Russo-American relations, for with one lapse it remained unchanged till 1942. The lapse was, of course, in 1917 when once again foreign policies drew the two countries together. At the same time the overthrow of Czarism was hailed as the greatest triumph for liberalism since 1776, and President Wilson declared the new Russia was "a fit partner for a League of Honour." Within six months, however, this shining partner had declined from the League of Honour and fallen into the enemy camp where he was transfigured into the "Bolshie Bogey." The history of the Red Scare, which Mr. Dulles gives in detail, is extraordinarily interesting. He shows that in its early days the scare was promoted by the out-dated, anti-hun propaganda machine in order to justify American intervention at Archangel and Vladivostock. This transfer of mass hatred was carried out in an orderly, well-planned, and wholly successful manner. The Reds became super-huns.

The first step in the slow process of rapprochement was not made till 1933, when the American Government saw fit to recognise the existence of the Soviet regime, not out of any sympathy with its domestic policies, but solely because in that dark economic depression trade proved thicker than Bolshevism. The growing threat of Nazi Germany in 1933 might have been expected to draw America and Russia closer together, but while Russia, at first, chose the path of collective security, a staunchly isolationist Congress sought safety not in numbers but exodus. The Russo-German pact of 1939 ("Comrades join Kamerads," as one paper headlined it) and the war with Finland (the one country which had not defaulted on its debt to America) confirmed everyone's worst suspicions about the Communists.

At this time a Gallup poll showed that 70 per cent. of the people thought Communist more dangerous than Nazi propaganda (a striking triumph for the latter). It was not surprising that when Russia was attacked by Germany a non-interventionist Senator summed up a very prevalent opinion by saying: "A victory for Communism would be far more dangerous to the United States than a victory for Fascism." Six months later Russia and America were allies.

The Road to Teheran is one of the clearest and most factual contributions to the great debate on the possibilities of Russo-American relations. There have been attempts to whitewash Red Russia (Mrs. Tryphosa Duncan Duncan Bates-Batchellor told a goggle-eyed meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution that "Stalin is a University graduate and a man of great studies. He is a man who, when he sees a great mistake admits it and corrects it. To-day, in Russia, Communism is practically non-existent"). There are still some few attempts to show that Russia is Red with the blood of its victims, that the bear with bloody paws is a natural menace to America. There have also been attempts, such as this book and *Mission to Moscow*, to show that Russia, Red or White, Communist or Holy, is a natural ally of America and that "we can no longer afford the luxury of quarrelling on ideological grounds."

From Mr. Dulles' work we can learn several lessons for the future from the past. First, in Europe America's interest in Russia has always been to seek her as an ally against any Power threatening the freedom of the Atlantic; in the nineteenth century it was Britain, in the twentieth century, Germany. If Russia herself should offer such a threat America would react very quickly by building an alliance against her. But if Russia contents herself with the mastery of all of Europe to the east and south-east of the Oder, America will be unstirred to any action by protests from Britain, France or other countries, though she might then declare an open season for criticism of Russia's domestic policy.

Secondly, it is in the Pacific that America and Russia are neighbours, and it is on the Pacific that American eyes will be focused during the final stage of this war. Because America has no bastion in Asia such as Britain provides in Europe, she is much more concerned over the stability of powers on that mainland. Whatever measures America may take to ensure the permanence of Japan's defeat, she is bound to desire a strong permanent counterweight to Japan in Asia. The candidate at the moment is China. If Russia does not enter the Pacific war, and continues to be on strained terms with China, there is little chance of amicable Russo-American relations. If, on the other hand, China is bled white by the war and comes out of it weak and disunited while Russia emerges as a great Asiatic power, America will be faced with the same choice that Theodore Roosevelt met in 1902 by backing Japan against Russia, and after 1905 by reluctantly backing Russia against Japan.

Thirdly, it is perfectly clear that for over a century America has entertained an aversion and distrust for Russian domestic policy. When America needs the Russian alliance in an international crisis, the U.S. has condescended to overlook these differences or even deny their existence. It is, therefore, extremely unlikely that the fond hope so many seem to hold for Britain's future as an honest mediator between the two great land masses will be realised. Great Britain's geographical position will not help us because the two countries are neighbours in the Pacific. Our economic position midway between American capitalism and Russian collectivism will not avail us because history shows that for joint international action the two countries do not need an ideological pimp.

INTER-RACIAL ATTITUDES

Dr. Fortes, in his interesting letter in this week's issue, points out that among the most important elements of the situation in West Africa are the attitudes and ideas held by the main racial groups, especially their ideas about each other. These are just as much "facts" as are the most quantitative data of the most natural of natural sciences, and generally have a much effect on the social set-up.

An exhaustive and illuminating study alon these lines has just been made by Dr. Gunn Myrdal, the eminent Swedish economist.* H was commissioned by the Carnegie Corporati to make a survey of the problem of the Americ Negroes. (It is interesting, by the way, that th Corporation's decision to have this survey mad was due to the success of their previous ventu in sponsoring and financing Lord Hailey's gre "African Survey"). Dr. Myrdal went out to th United States expecting to collect and analys facts about the Negroes—their economic statu their health, their education, their intellectu and technical achievements, the part they pl in American social and political life, and so forth This, he and his team of fellow-workers have don and done admirably; but he speedily realised that all this mass of data meant very little by itself. It acquired real significance only when examined in the light of the attitude of the white majority to the black minority in their midst.

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* *An American Dilemma*, Harpers, New York 1944.

The chief characteristics of the American Negro are, in fact, the result of this white attitude. As Myrdal writes: "the American Negro problem is a problem in the heart of the (white) American." In this particular case, there is a profound and basic tension between the white's adherence to what Myrdal calls "the American creed," of belief in human liberty and democratic equality, in government by the consent of the governed, in human perfectibility, and his fear and jealousy (economic as well as sexual and social) of a racial minority which is distinctively alien and on American soil has always existed in conditions of servility or backwardness or both.

Thus one of Myrdal's main aims became that of assembling all the facts he could find about the white American's attitude to the Negro, and of analysing them in terms of social science.

Two of the most interesting points that emerged from this sociological analysis of attitude were, first the emergence of a large body of "myths" of varying degrees of falsity, which served as rationalisations and justifications for the prevailing attitude and its results; and secondly the frequency with which one and the same individual or group can manage to employ materially contradictory arguments on the subject. In a sense, the second point is merely an extension of the first. The contradictory arguments are themselves myths, and as such irrational; for it is in the nature of rationalisations to be rational only in their form; their origin in the unconscious makes them irrational in their nature.

Myrdal calls these myths "beliefs with a purpose," the purpose being in most cases a hidden and unconscious one. The most basic of these myths in the United States is the view that Negroes constitute a homogeneous "race" which is sharply marked off from the white race, and that this Negro race is inherently and biologically inferior. This myth is maintained in face of the fact that all mixed-bloods, even those whose genes are over 90 per cent. "white," are lumped into the Negro "race," and of the further fact that Negroes differ as much among themselves in capacity and temperament as whites. Other supporting myths are the myth of the black baby appearing generations after an admixture of Negro blood, the myth of a special Negro smell; the view that Negroes are happy (but irresponsible and slightly criminal) children of nature, who prefer to be left in poverty and squalor rather than be given responsible and difficult jobs; the belief that Negroes are not mechanically minded (we may recall some of the things said about the Russians!) and get sleepy when working with machines; that there are infallible signs for detecting the slightest admixture of Negro blood, and so forth.

The attitude of the dominant white majority determines the general attitude of the Negro minority, and causes the emergence of a number of counter-myths.

In West Africa the situation is extremely different. The Europeans are still the dominant group, but here they are aliens and constitute a tiny minority instead of a large majority. The Africans know that theirs is a backward country, and resent the fact, even though they also know that it is a geographical and historical accident. They live in their own country and have their own traditional culture, yet they see the advantages and the power of the alien culture which is invading them.

Some of the dominant white minority are impelled by imperial patriotism; others by the desire to make money quickly; others by the missionary urge (in some cases the noblest of motives, in others better described as the missionising itch); others by a just and benevolent paternalism—which is so admirable for the immediate situation, but can so readily become a real obstacle to progress in the future.

In such a situation, the two sets of attitudes and myths on either side of the colour line are more independent, more equal in originating potency, than in the U.S.A., where the white attitude is the overriding factor. They are also inevitably more coloured by political motives, notably in relation to self-government.

It is from such an angle, I entirely agree, that we must regard the West African scene. In this light, the co-existence of many contradictory views is explained, or at least illuminated. The fact, for instance, that most of the African press is constantly urging Government to do more for the country, but as constantly attacking whatever Government does or proposes. The fact that in one breath the politically minded African demands immediate "independence"—and also not merely the continuance but the extension of help from Britain. The fact that many Europeans support the extension of native education and of indirect rule through native administrations, but resent any display of real independence on the part of Africans, even while they complain of the African's lack of initiative. The suspicion on the part of so many Africans of any form of education save that which a generation ago was considered proper for the British upper classes. The complaints by some European employers that all Africans are idle and inefficient coupled with the convenient belief that they can exist and work properly on a miserably inadequate diet.

Among much that is depressing in his great book, Myrdal makes two encouraging points. First that, however powerful a false unconscious myth may be, scientific investigation and open discussion does gradually melt it away. And, secondly, that any major problem of social change, such as that between whites and blacks in America or Africa, is likely to be determined by what he calls cumulative causation. While this often involves the establishment of a vicious circle, as is so obviously the case with the American Negro, it also means that if you can once reverse any undesirable change, the reversal itself will have a cumulative effect, and so the circle may change its self-reinforcing viciousness for self-reinforcing virtuousness.

There are certainly many points in the West African situation where knowledge is beginning to erode myth, and where positive and desirable change is being initiated, though merely to mention them would take a great deal of space. Meanwhile, it seems clear that one of the urgent needs of West Africa is a scientific study of "beliefs with a purpose," both European and African, and also of the major systems of social change, involving cumulative causation, and capable therefore of becoming either vicious or virtuous circles. Dr. Fortes is shortly joining the West African Institute as head of its sociological side: we may be pretty confident that he will make studies of this sort a high priority in his programme.

JULIAN HUXLEY

ARAB ENCAMPMENT

A LONG ride brought me one day to the tented encampment of Abdallah Shaeb, one of the lesser sheikhs of the Shelawi tribe. At this time of the year he lived, not in the desert proper, but on the high semi-desert tract of country adjacent to the sea, where there was just enough scrub for his flocks of sheep and goats and a sufficiency of soil on which to raise a meagre crop of grain. For Abdallah and his followers were not true desert-dwellers, but lived a seasonal, semi-nomadic life, in which they made the best of both worlds.

His encampment consisted of about a dozen large tents, nestling in a fold of the dunes, which completely screened it from the sight of an approaching rider, with lesser groups of tents ensconced in near by hollows. About half a mile to the East were the remains of a British plane shot down after the withdrawal to Alamein, and about three miles south rose a small rocky hillock, known as Sidi Own after a local saint whose white-washed shrine nestled at its foot.

Scouts had seen me coming over the sky-line, and when I reached the encampment Abdallah was there waiting outside his own tent, while his nephew Jueda bu Mikail ran forward and took charge of my mount. A motley crowd of children sat playing unconcernedly on the sand, hardly looking up to see who the stranger was. Abdallah greeted me with Koranic courtesy and introduced me to one or two of the adults who were with him. My arrival was unexpected and, in order to forestall the hospitality which was due to a guest, I mentioned at the earliest opportunity that I was going on very shortly, as I had business ahead, but I could not resist calling on my friend when I was in the vicinity. Crestfallen, Abdallah protested that I must have something to eat, but I resisted his importunities with such grace as I could muster, thereby relieving him of the necessity of killing a kid, which (though he naturally did not show it) must have been a boon to him, though not to those of his followers who would have shared in the feast. The simplicity of Arab life finds relief from monotony in the lavish entertainment of guests.

He led me into his tent, which was very large and agreeably restful to the eyes after the dazzling glare of the sun. There was a large divan piled with rather dingy cushions on the left of the door as one entered; but this was for the lesser folk, and Abdallah took me across to a more sumptuous pile of pillows and cushions which were heaped along the right wall of the tent, facing the woollen partition which screened the women's quarters. Exquisite carpets and embroidery garnished the interior of the tent and we took our places on a carpet, which Abdallah assured me came from Samarkand, leaning our backs against the piled-up cushions.

Hardly were we seated when the tea of ceremony was brought in and Abdallah selected a few of his relatives to join us, together with a neighbouring sheikh who happened to be on a visit to one of Abdallah's adherents. Here tea is the beverage of ceremony, not the coffee which is customary in Arabia, since coffee, being considered a stimulant, is banned by the Senussi creed, which is one of the strictest of the sects of Islam and purports to restore Islam to its primitive austerity.

While we sat drinking our three cups of ceremony, two of tea as usual excessively sweetened, the last a cup of mint tea, which was infinitely more agreeable to my taste, we talked of this and of that, of the war, of the appalling times when Agedabya was a detention camp during the Italian invasion, of economic conditions and so on, skirting delicate fringes with anecdote and badinage. I took the opportunity of asking about Sidi Own, because I could not understand how there was a Sidi Own three miles from the encampment and another Sidi Own (for which I was making) considerably farther on across the ravine of Wadi Khalij. It appears that this Sidi Own was the original; for there the saint dwelt during his life-time, and there the first shrine was built. But in due course his popularity waned owing, apparently, to his inefficacy during the troubled times, and the saint took flight from his tomb in a huff and a terrific storm. He was seen flying through the air and finally descended on the other side of the Wadi, where very properly another tomb was erected. This was thought to be such a momentous affair that both tombs are zealously attended to-day, but the annual pilgrimage and festival are conducted at the second tomb, since it was the saint's own choice.

We were still talking, when Abdallah interrupted to say that he could not really permit me to go away hungry and that his wife was even now preparing some food for me. Seeing my look of protest, he added that it would not take long and that, at my request, he had not killed an animal for me. So there was no more to be said beyond an acknowledgment of his graciousness and an expression of my pleasure at the thought that he had not taken me too literally. Conversation was resumed, and this time it was about the different characteristics of Europeans, of whom, on the whole, they had a pretty poor opinion. The

Italians were, of course, loathed and, in view of their past atrocities, this was only to be expected. They were convinced that the Italians would never return to Africa, since British propaganda had assured them of that, and the thought that they would soon be masters in their own country again was, to them, the one thing that mattered. They had no very decided opinion about the British, who (they said) were good fighters but were mentally insignificant. In fact, they regarded the Germans as probably the most attractive foreigners whom they had met, since the Germans had gone out of their way to treat them with ostentatious civility. They added, however, that they knew it was all eye-wash, and that the Germans were looking all the time to the future, intending at the conclusion of a successful war to oust the Italians from Africa and to keep the Italian colonies themselves. But Allah is great, and it looks as if Africa would be rid of them all, praise be to Allah.

Lunch now arrived to put an end to our conversation. My host's wife appeared from behind the partition, carrying an enormous metal bowl, which she placed near Abdallah's knees, and at his indication three of us gathered round to share the meal, which he said would be a light one. And so it was according to Arab standards of hospitality, but indeed more than enough for me, especially with the thought of another four or five hours' journey still ahead of me. In the bowl were some eighty or ninety hard-fried eggs floating in fat, and appearing a second time, Abdallah's wife poured a quantity of honey in the bowl. The mixture, *matrudah bil asal*, was delicious and strongly to be recommended when eggs and honey are once more available, but not in the abundance thought desirable by my host. There was no way out of it: the eggs had all to be consumed, and though I tried to push the finest-looking eggs to my fellow-lunchers as a mark of my esteem, they also did the same to me, with the distressing result that I ended by consuming about twenty eggs, which were very uncomfortable companions for the rest of my journey.

So with a belch of benediction, I left the encampment for a time, escorted on my way by Abdallah's nephew, Jueda. ABD EL NASR

THE MOVIES

"La Femme du Boulanger," "The River" and "Lili Marlene" at the Academy

In the absence of any new film a fat programme at the Academy stands alone. Lucky people who will be seeing *La Femme du Boulanger* for the first time! Surely this is Raimu's triumph, and no one else on the screen has brought off a piece of virtuoso acting quite to equal the scenes here that follow from a bottle of Pernod. He harangues, he weeps, he gallops off on his nightmare. Remembering the serenade responsible for his wife's elopement, he insists to M. le Curé that Italian should be banned: *tous les hommes ignorent l'italien, toutes les femmes le comprennent* . . . Drunk or sober, the dialogue (whose was the name in the list of titles?) is keyed effortlessly to a pitch of fantasy that lights up the whole village, and with a touch of genius the baking is made more lyrically appetising than the lovers. Excellent vintage.

Those who want an excuse for another visit to *La Femme du Boulanger* will find it in Pare Lorentz's *The River*. This seven-year old documentary of the Mississippi—poem and social document in one—is a model of its kind; it has a stirring theme brilliantly worked out in images. I wish I could feel the same about the new Crown Film Unit production. *Lili Marlene*, alas, is dried egg; the old stale taste of Fascism thwarted spoils what might have been a tasty dish. Why must so many M.O.I. documentaries tell the same story? Its inapplicability in this case is glaring. There is only one lesson to be drawn from *Lili Marlene*—that a good tune is a good tune. If only Mr. Jennings and his colleagues had been content with that!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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THE FLYING BUM

In the vegetarian guest-house
All was frolic, feast and fun,
Eager voices were enquiring
"Are the nettle cutlets done?"
Peals of vegetarian laughter,
Husky wholesome wholemeal bread—
Will the evening finish with a
Rush of cocoa to the head?

Yes, you've guessed; it's Minnie's birthday,
Hence the frolic, hence the feast.
Are there calories in custard?
There are vitamins in yeast.
Kate is here and Tom her hubby,
Ex-commissioner for oaths,
She is mad on Christian Science,
Parsnip flan he simply loathes.

And Mr. Croaker, call him Arthur,
Such a keen philatelist,
Making sheep's-eyes at Louisa
(After dinner there'll be whist)—
Come, sit down, the soup is coming,
All of docks and darnels made,
Drink a health to dear old Minnie
In synthetic lemonade.

Dentures champing juicy lettuce,
Champing macerated bran,
Oh the imitation rissoles!
Oh the food untouched by man!
Look, an imitation sausage
Made of monkey-nuts and spice,
Prunes to-night and semolina,
Wrinkled prunes, unpolished rice.

Yards of guts absorbing jellies,
Bellies filling up with nuts,
Carbo-hydrates jostling proteins
Out of intestinal ruts;
Peristalsis calls for roughage,
Haulms and fibres, husks and grit,
Nature's way to open bowels,
Maybe—let them relish it.

"Hark, I hear an air-raid warning!"
"Take no notice, let 'em come."
"Who'll say grace?" "Another walnut?"
"Listen, what's that distant hum?"
"Bomb or no bomb," stated Minnie,
"Lips unsoiled by beef or beer
We shall use to greet our Maker
When he sounds the Great All-Clear."

When the flying bomb exploded
Minnie's wig flew off her pate,
Half a curtain, like a tippet,
Wrapped itself round bony Kate.
Plaster landed on Louisa,
Tom fell headlong on the floor,
And a spurt of lukewarm custard
Lathered Mr. Croaker's jaw.

All were spared by glass and splinters
But, the loud explosion past,
Greater was the shock impending
Even than the shock of blast—
Blast we veterans know as freakish
Gave this feast its final course,
Planted bang upon the table
A raw and bleeding rump of horse.

WILLIAM PLOMER

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10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.

Correspondence

MR GANDHI AND NEW DELHI

SIR,—I trust your hope will be justified, that Mr. Gandhi's statement may move the Government to try to get a settlement. But will *anything* now do this? *Our* side of the controversy sinks daily in dignity. New Delhi's opinions come over in the despatches of Our Special Correspondent (see any Conservative journal), who merely baits an old and obviously troubled man, going through whatever he says line by line, to score debating points. If Gandhi speaks for Congress, he is scorned as being "totalitarian" and dictatorial. If he takes the reasonably democratic line that, unless allowed to consult his colleagues, he can speak for himself only, Our Special Correspondent sneers that his offers are worthless and hints that he is "playing politics" (which no one here ever does). If he says that "Pakistan" cannot come till after the war, the sneer is that he offers the Muslim League nothing. Yet one would have thought that our own Government, which constantly postpones great decisions until the war is won, might have conceded that he was talking their own brand of common sense! And the whole Indian trouble is coolly narrowed down to an argument between New Delhi and one man, with the rest of India not even entitled to be interested!

And we remain self-righteous! We keep on repeating virtuously that we have promised India complete self-government—on one easy condition, that Indians first agree. We ourselves have always found this so simple—it will be remembered that at all crises our Catholics and Protestants, our Anglicans and "minorities," were in hundred-per-cent. enthusiastic agreement—that we feel a glow of self-approbation at being so kind and noble. It is almost a pity that (shall we say?) Spain did not occupy England in Elizabeth's time and after some decades offer the natives freedom on condition of their prior entire agreement! There is so much that other nations understood, which good luck has robbed us of the power of ever understanding! There is, however, one precedent (though not strictly historical) for our benevolence in India. When Baldur was killed, the Norns promised he should return to life on one clear condition, that all creatures mourned him. This generous stipulation was nearly met—but not quite. After the world had been thoroughly searched, a "minority" was discovered—an unpleasant giantess (the disguised evil spirit Loki), who flatly refused to join the general grief.

Now, Sir—whatever Mr. Gandhi ever does or says, Our Special Correspondent, given two or three days to collect what New Delhi wishes said, can always list reasons why nothing can be done. And, even if there were not these reasons, there is always—Loki. Does anyone imagine that the Indian Government will ever have the least difficulty in finding him and—with its solicitous care for the rights of "minorities"—extracting his comprehensive veto? Meanwhile, conviction spreads outside this island (and even here) that Gandhi is not far wrong when he says despairingly that he believes the Government does not want a settlement. Only Government and Our Special Correspondent (and they for polemical reasons) accept this Indian sorrow as merely a game of chess between New Delhi and one unhappy man!

Oxford. EDWARD THOMPSON

WHAT WEST AFRICA NEEDS

SIR,—Dr. Julian Huxley's diagnosis of "What West Africa Needs," invites comment. His criticism of the African intelligentsia is justified. But there is as much unrealistic thinking about economic and political affairs among Europeans in West Africa. One reason for this is sheer lack of accurate information about "facts." Another is the absence of an instructed public opinion or of individuals trained to evaluate "facts" critically. Hence myths and clichés, born of preconceived ideas or sectional interests, abound. Their substance is often ridiculous. Their currency, however, is a fact of importance. They are symptoms of the economic, political and psychological strains in the social structure of West Africa. Among Europeans these myths often represent defence mechanisms.

Among educated Africans they are signs of the incipient political ideologies of a new bourgeois class, uneasily caught between the disintegrating traditional social organisation and the inchoate new society. This must be understood if educated Africans are to be given constructive opportunities in the future development of their country.

Dr. Huxley himself has apparently not escaped the influence of some of the social myths current in West Africa. True, there is no unity among the peoples of West Africa except that imposed by British rule. But it is useless to deny that a strongly felt cleavage exists between European and African as well. It is not a colour bar sanctioned by law, as in South Africa, but due to differences of cultural standards and of economic and political functions and privileges. To recognise this is no disservice, since one remedy is at hand in increasing the Africanisation of the services and extending education.

This cleavage is most marked in the discrepancy between what Europeans assert West Africa *needs* and what Africans say they *want*; and this discrepancy may be as detrimental to genuine social advance in West Africa as it proved to be in the Far East. It is easy to prescribe what is needed for the social good; but unless the patients also want the remedy they won't work enthusiastically for its realisation. The alternative is to compel them to accept it "for their own good"; and that raises fundamental issues of political and ethical principle that no amount of talk about "welfare" or "progress" can circumvent. If in reaction against the policy of *laissez faire* in the colonies we advocate policies that entail large scale compulsion in the interests of progress, the political—no less than the financial and technical—implications must be faced. Many West Africans want what Dr. Huxley says they need. The fact that vast numbers don't as yet and that others want other things first is of vital practical importance. This is a question of politics in the wide sense and cannot be solved by economic, technical or financial action.

This ties up with Dr. Huxley's assertion that "the African will have to learn the disagreeable lesson learnt by the Western world in the early Industrial Revolution of hard and regular work." This dogma has considerable currency in West Africa. But the fact is that the African peasant (i.e. 95 per cent. of the population) is only too well inured to hard, disagreeable and regular toil. His survival depends on that. His work is certainly harder—and more skilled—than that of a mass production operative in England. His low productivity is due to limitations of soil, climate, technique and knowledge, not to idleness. Surely the lesson to be learnt from our Industrial Revolution is that increased productivity comes with the machine and applied science. That is what West Africa needs in order to "double the standard of living"—not just more hard work. Besides, this doctrine has a sinister history in the colonies. First it diverts attention from the real problems of changing the social structure. And secondly, it is a short step from preaching the doctrine to demanding its enforcement —"for the natives' own good." And if progress is to be enforced on the African, should we not also, in justice, compel the big trading corporations to surrender their profits for the good of the colony?

The majority of West Africans are not, as Huxley implies, a docile mass without pride in the past or hope for the future, to be moulded and manipulated as we think best. What they want is going to count as much as what we give them. M. FORTES

[Dr. Julian Huxley discusses this letter in his article this week.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*].

THE LABOUR PARTY

SIR,—R. Mitchell's letter shows the need for a clear Socialist policy for industry. Indeed, the need is pressing because even when a policy has been formulated, the details have to be worked out so that it can be put into operation quickly if Labour wins the next election. It would be a tragedy for Socialism if the first year of a Labour Government's term of office were spent in working out a policy for industry. For if to that period is added the period that will have to be spent in legislation and reorganisation of administration, a Labour Government will have achieved little in the actual progress towards Socialism in its first term of office. The Socialist movement would be convicted of ineffectiveness, with disastrous results for future progress towards Socialism.

We must first be agreed on our objectives. We want full, productive employment of men and resources, that is, the efficient working of the system as a whole. We want maximum possible efficiency inside the individual concern. We want industry to produce the commodities most needed by the people, which will necessitate a system of priorities. We want a redistribution of incomes, both for egalitarian reasons and as a means of helping to achieve full employment. This can be partly achieved by taxation, but could also be by changes in the proportions paid out by industry to wages, rents and profits.

These objections cannot be achieved without a National Plan, and a National Planning Authority which will cover both nationalised and private industry. Socialists agree that the basic industries should be nationalised but that it would be impracticable to nationalise more than a few in one term of office. Labour leaders also agree that war-time controls should continue. But there is no definite published policy as to how long these controls should continue, as to what industries they should cover, as to what form they should take, and as to what personnel should administer them. These questions must be decided so that private industry is fitted into a framework of national planning. Labour Party members should now work to get the principle of total National Planning adopted as the official policy of the Labour Party.

Before this policy is translated into detail, as regards control of private industry, research into the effectiveness of wartime controls is needed. For the prodigious increase in production in wartime is primarily caused by the unlimited demand for munitions, not necessarily by the controls. When this research has been done and its conclusions examined, working plans will have to be made for each type of unsocialised industry, so that it can work inside the National Plan. This immense task of investigation and planning could be done by co-operation between the Research departments of the Labour Party, the T.U.C. and the Fabian Society. If we are not to be afraid of electoral victory our policy and plans must be worked out now.

Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2. JOAN THOMPSON

"A PRISONER'S LOG"

SIR,—May I add one note to Critic's kindly comment on "A Prisoner's Log." When Miss St. John wrote it, first-timers were mixed with old hands until, all in good time, forms passed from prison to police and police to prison and the new-comer, after days or weeks, was officially classed as a "Star" and removed from contamination. This was partly remedied by the establishment of a "Pending Star Class," referred to in the Foreword of the Log. We have lately learnt with pleasure that each of the local prisons has now got a "Pending Star Class." The Howard League urges that the Court should be required to send the offender's record (almost invariably given to the magistrates by the police before sentence is decided upon) to the prison, attached to the warrant of committal. This would save police and prison staff, time and trouble, and secure quicker classification based on records instead of guess-work.

All this is mere short-term policy. We look to a future where each case shall be dealt with only after careful study of a full report on the offender's physical and mental health, environment and history, and when Holloway and other barracks prisons shall have given place to institutions where men and women may learn to live—not just "do" time.

Honorary Secretary, CICELY M. CRAVEN
Howard League for Penal Reform.

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KEGAN PAUL

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In literature every century produces its sports and throws out its new mutation. Stendhal was right in thinking he was born out of his time and was writing for readers a hundred years away. Clough comes more closely to us than he did to his contemporaries. It is not entirely a question of opinion or subject. It is rather a question of accent. These unrepresentative writers have a voice that is younger, more disengaged than the voices of their colleagues. Walter Bagehot is an even better example than Clough among the Victorians. We open him and at once we are at home. Well-established in his own time, by the cast of his imagination he nevertheless belongs to us. It is as if Nature had grown bored with the monotonous production of histrionic Victorians between 1800 and 1860 and was amusing herself with the blasphemous experiment of slipping in a man of the twentieth century.

I do not mean to convey that the opinions of Walter Bagehot on literature and politics are our opinions; his scorn of the masses and the extreme caution of his adventurous mind when it came to the brink of reform, are very far from the mood of our time. Bagehot's attraction is that he speaks in our accent; he has our drastic habit of mind, our analytical approach. Above all he has cut down the load of intellectual baggage the Victorians always travelled with, those unshapely moral portmanteaux, those handy Gladstone bags laden with causes and endeavours, those bursting holdalls, swollen with the impedimenta of bad conscience, those theatrical hampers filled with the costumes of social guilt. His arrivals and departures do not pile up the platforms and cloakrooms with the admonitory luggage his contemporaries could never do without. Bagehot travels light. And it is not mere week-end travel. The moral earnestness of his contemporaries was an encumbrance because moral earnestness is a diffusion. It spreads. It clouds. It blurs outlines and, in its beneficence, runs one thing into another. Like jealousy, it is a passion which seizes *every* particle of the air and is hungry for every available burden. Bagehot's mind, on the contrary, was occupied with the decisive, the definitive, with elimination not with multiplication. It was an adventurous mind that wanted to clear the ground and put the issue. It was an intellect not a worth; an imagination and not a missionary; a judgment and not a fulmination, a prophecy or a prayer.

Many writers betray themselves by their fondness for a single word. A critical essay might be written, for example, on Lytton Strachey's weakness for "ambiguous" or "ambiguity"; and the reader of Bagehot might guess he was in the company of a banker, as well as a politician and critic of literature, by Bagehot's amusing addiction to "sagacious" and "sagacity." Sagacity, I suppose, connotes the wisdom of experience, a natural percipience that is distinct from the wisdom we are taught by textbook, pulpit and platform; and as a man of affairs, a Lombard Street man and politician, Bagehot seems to have thought sagacity the most desirable, if not the highest, human quality. Scott was sagacious. Dickens was not. The sagacious man mistrusts great changes. He knows what the world is. Sagacity, in Bagehot, represents the Tory taste of a Liberal mind. It is the breath of life coming into the stuffiness of the study, an animal buoyancy and shrewdness driving the abstract out of the window and into the draughty universe, where it belongs. Bagehot brings life into literature, turns politics into men. Like Bacon, he has an immediate sense of "men's business and men's bosoms." Bagehot writes in *The English Constitution*—the most engaging and best writen book on political principles and practice in our language.

> "There is no educated human being less likely to know business, worse placed for knowing business than a young lord. Business is really more agreeable than pleasure it interests the whole mind, the aggregate nature of man, more continuously and more deeply. But it does not *look* as if it did . . . administration is an art as painting is an art . . . and no book can teach the practice of either.

One can imagine no position in the world more likely to make one glow with the blessings of sagacity than that of a country banker in mid-Victorian England. And Bagehot's family were bankers of the West Country in times when local differences in English character were stranger than they are to-day. The trouble about sagacity is that it almost assumes foregone conclusions; people who have an animated detachment about everything tend to assume that the ground they stand on never moves. Such a criticism can be made of Bagehot. But there was far more than sagacity to his mind. He speaks in a voice like ours, because he has detached himself from the manner of the Victorian conscience. He had no humanitarian sympathy for the poor but, looking at Dickens or more particularly at the imitators of Dickens, he seems to suggest that these writers haven't either. They felt guilty and they merely covet that sympathy. There is no cant in Bagehot. "There is a pale, whitey-brown substance," he wrote to his friend Richard Holt Hutton, "in so-and-so's books which people who don't think take for thought, but it isn't." It is typical of Bagehot that when he was in Paris in 1851 at the time of the *coup d'état*, he helped build barricades in the street for the people whom he opposed, and then frankly said he got away out of danger to watch. The point is that Bagehot was a kind of social naturalist. He is one of the Victorians whose intellect was enormously influenced by Darwin and the scientific attitude; and the moral controversies seemed to have marked him far less than the method did. It left him with an increased, and perhaps, too, agreeable and convenient sense of the infinite difficulties and distractions which lie between us and "discovering the truth."

Bagehot's writings as a critic are collected in the three or four volumes of his *Literary Studies* and *Biographical Studies*. They are a series of long essays contributed to the reviews. The freshness, the freedom, the wit and the clear epigrammatic style are readable at once. His humour and his irony leap energetically out of a strong mind. On Milton's pamphlet on divorce he writes, with an eye on the feminist movement: "Milton had a sincere desire to preserve men from the society of unsocial and unsympathising women." Of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: "she lived before the age in which people waste half their lives in washing the whole of their persons." He is fond of clearing the ground by cutting it in two and then contrasting the two parts. There are two kinds of novels: the regular and irregular, two kinds of men, the impulsive and the men of principle; there are two views of the world, that it is visible or invisible. There are two kinds of folly exemplified in the life of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries:

> The London of the eighteenth century was an aristocratic world, which lived to itself, which displayed the virtues and developed the vices of an aristocracy which was under little fear of external control or check. . . . (In the nineteenth) Public opinion now rules, and it is an opinion which constrains the conduct, and narrows the experience, and dwarfs the violence, and minimises the frankness of the highest classes, while it diminishes their vices, supports their conscience, and precludes their grossness.

Again, our senses teach us what the world is; our intuitions where it is. We turn from the former to the latter:

> The immeasurable depth folds us in. "Eternity," as the original thinker said, "is everlasting." We breathe a deep breath. And perhaps we have higher moments. We comprehend the "unintelligible world," we see into "the life of things," we fancy we know whence we came and whither we go, words we have repeated for years have a meaning for the first time; texts of old Scripture seem to apply to *us*. . . . And—and—Mr. Thackeray would say "You come back to town, and order dinner at a restaurant, and read Beranger once more." Yes—even Providence "works by a scheme of averages."

One expects this kind of mind to be sound on the sagacious Scott but to be insensitive to Shelley, yet this is not so. In Bagehot's essay on Shelley, his analysis of the sinlessness of impulse, his response to the archetypal, the abstract and the vision of the Universe in Shelley, are remarkable in a "sagacious" man of the world. Bagehot's judgment is not a judge's; it is imaginative. And his imagination led him, as a critic, first of all to define the type of mind he had to deal with and to describe its spiritual geography. He perceived that "a cold consciousness of the world" often intrudes after the raptur of Shelley's lyrics and that "in many of his poems the failing of the feeling is as beautiful as its short moment of hope and buoyancy"—a sentence which conveys how complete Bagehot's sympathetic imagination could be in its grasp of a temperament alien to his own and less well-seated. The truth is that Bagehot's genial and pragmatic nature did not quite close the door on the frightening and even exhilarating wildernesses which lie outside the office of the man of affairs; he, too, was disturbed by the sight of wastes which lay before Clough's shrinking figure, and by the cold, astronomic universe of eons and space which Shelley could call up and with which he would assault our moral vision.

Bagehot's essay on Scott is on more solid ground. Scott's Toryism "was a subtle compound of the natural instinct of the artist with the plain sagacity of the man of the world." In this essay Bagehot reveals both the strength and the weakness of his attitude to the poor. The poor are too mean to be a continuous subject for a work of art; that now reads oddly to us. But Bagehot was protesting also against the rosy-tinted sentimentalising of the poor in the Victorian novel which revolts the taste so often in Dickens; clear-headed as always, he revolted against the rationalising of guilt. And he perceived what I believe no other critic has perceived, that Scott's pictures of the poor were the only sound and honest ones in the English novel up to that time. Bagehot, of course, relied on the ancient truth that the poor are always with us, a truth which at any rate had some validity up to the eighteenth century. Where he was wrong was in not observing that the poor of the Industrial Revolution were not the old poor. They were a new race, something more terrible than had ever been seen in Europe before. On Scott's religion Bagehot's discernment works well. He misses the political or historical impulse in that religion and relies on the obvious fact that Scott was satirising his own childhood creed; but there is one good sentence here: "The aspect of religion which Scott delineates best is that which appears in griefs, especially in the grief of strong characters. His strong *natural* nature felt the power of death."

It is the pleasure of Bagehot's criticism that its penetration is directed by a strong natural nature that felt the power of life.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE YOUNG JOYCE

The Stephen Hero. Part of the First Dra of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Youn Man." By JAMES JOYCE. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

In the end, I suppose, you either give up Joy or devote your eight hours a day to him. He i a writer, like Dickens, who encourages manias Somewhere there ought to be a Joyce Fellowshi —Sodality, perhaps, would be the word—whic would meet regularly to weigh ash-plants feast off kidneys, exchange puns, and generall celebrate in the steps of the master. The unravel ling, sentence by sentence, of *Finnegans Wak* should provide members with the programm Dickensians and Janeites lack, and a touc of learning wouldn't be out of place. We migh preserve Dublin, film *Ulysses*. Joyce himself set a example by making Bloomsday an annual holida —good heavens, I have forgotten the date But the society's calendar would remind me i letters of red, together with a quotation for eve minute of the day. 1956 or thereabouts—th fifthieth anniversary—would be a good year for starting.

Meanwhile, the Joyce fans keep to themselves, write books for one another to appraise, and quail secretly before the advances of Basic English. They are, I should say, a fairly constant body, recruited largely from the universities. The more general appreciation of Joyce is difficult to gauge; the scandal of *Ulysses* has blown over, and fashion has taken new models; there's a slump in reputation, and also, I presume, in sales. A majority—not necessarily unintelligent —for whom later Joyce. and even middle Joyce represent aberrations of genius, , will probably always prefer *Dubliners* and the *Portrait*, books with a public ready-made. Anyone who has read and understood, say, *L'Education Sentimentale*, will recognise in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* a novel in the European tradition. Joyce's aesthetic may not be precisely Flaubert's, but the tenets of realism are the same, with the ideal of "a novel written as history" applied to individual instead of society.

"Aesthetic Education" might well have been the title of Joyce's autobiographical fiction, and in one respect he surpasses Flaubert: Frédéric Moreau, that lantern-slide of a personality, has been displaced by a creature of flesh and blood, of theorising and dreams, without loss of impartiality. While Flaubert himself has to be hunted down elsewhere, among memoirs and letters, even among the rejected rhapsodies of *Novembre*, we need look no further for Joyce than in the portrait of Stephen Daedalus. Everything, in boyhood and adolescence, before the implacable mould has cooled, is there; a self-delineation has been achieved as ruthless as suicide; in a remarkable degree, the portrait has both immediacy and distance. Time, an endless re-shaping and revision, supply the perspective. One notes the years spent in writing —1904 to 1914—and it is no surprise to discover behind the finished manuscript a dossier stretching back into the years described. *Stephen Hero*, a portion of the original novel of 150,000 words, was rescued from burning by Mrs. Joyce and bought by Harvard University in 1938; it is published now, and its interest is more than documentary.

On its own merits this is a valuable fragment, the length of an average novel, that adds materially to our knowledge of Joyce and his background. One recognises, in adolescent pacings, the wonder-worker of *Ulysses;* the familiar note-taking, heightened, sardonic hero who stores up a magic against his enemies.

> As he walked thus through the ways of the city he had his eyes and ears ever prompt to receive impressions. It was not only in Skeat that he found words for his treasure-house, he found them also at haphazard in the shops, on advertisements, in the mouths of the plodding public. He kept repeating them to himself till they lost all instantaneous meaning for him and became wonderful vocables.

The background, however, is new; for one effect of later revision was to isolate the central figure and to develop a style in which reverie and fact could blend imperceptibly. Hamlet's Elsinore is restored. The outlook is broader and flatter, there are more interruptions to solitude, other people's lives are seen to possess a continuity. He matches wits against the soft-spoken President of his College; and at home, too, we are made aware of the kind of struggle which disdainful genius wages with his surroundings. His father, talking louder than ever, has fallen on evil days, and worse than poverty is the degradation he suffers boastfully; to him it is nothing to let the rent run for three months and then flit, with his dependants and furniture, by night elsewhere. His sister dies, without his being able to establish even an understanding with her; after long conflict he refuses his mother's wish that he should attend Easter Mass. All these incidents, together with family habits and the talk of companions, will be new to those who remember the *Portrait*, and the love-affair that hardly materialises from a poetic image in that novel will be found here in its nebulous reality. Emma Clery is a young lady with physical charms whom he has seen at concerts and parties; he trails her, writes a few verses, and at last, finding no other response, suggests they should spend a night together and then part for ever. Not unnaturally, she turns him down. All traces of this strange proposal had disappeared by the time the *Portrait* came to be written.

It is, I think, the only important incident that has been excluded by Joyce in order to soften the crudity of adolescence. Stephen Hero becomes Stephen Daedalus, but he is still the black-sheep, the dreamer, the rebel, and the prig of intellect. Some traits have been more subtly developed. "His morning walks were critical, his evening walks imaginative" is the sort of sentence which only the categorical young Joyce could have written and passed. There is little in the first draft—covering, by the way, the final third of the story—to suggest such later splendours as the Christmas talk about Parnell, and the sermons on hell. A few melodious sentences, images, snatches of conversation are the only verbal threads that link the two books together. The material is the same; style and distance have transformed. The relation of *Stephen Hero* to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is, roughly, that of the first *L'Education Sentimentale* to the third and last, an early sketch of genius.

Less attention has been paid to Joyce's autobiographical fiction than it deserves, possibly because it is on a small and exact scale and we prefer to think of Joyce as a wallowing Titan. It seems to me in its "vivisection" of a human being a more truthful book than any of the other autobiographies of our time. Unlike them it is essentially a work of art.

G. W. STONIER

TRUEPENNY

Ego 6. By JAMES AGATE. *Harrap.* 18*s.*
Red Letter Nights. By JAMES AGATE. *Jonathan Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Heaving, hissing and still spluttering, the ingredients of Mr. Agate's cauldron are once more served up to us in the sixth volume of his diary. Do not imagine that it is a homely dish of bubble-and-squeak; it is more like being faced with some Bedouin dish in which reposes the whole carcase of a sheep from which Mr. Agate plucks gobbets of flesh which he hurls contemptuously to his guests. And as a sudden mark of favour he will suddenly whip out the sheep's eye and proffer it as a rare delicacy. On such occasions one must be honest: I do not relish the savour of Mr. Agate's Ego. The fanfares, the blatancies, the moans about income tax, the jibes at anyone who has written a harsh word about him, the raking over the cold ashes of whether Shakespeare or Bacon was the author of those plays—all these I find displeasing. And then there are minor stylistic irritants. He shares, with the author of the *Times*' fourth leaders, a penchant for litotes as a figure of speech. Like him, he continually casts his net in the wide pools of Shakespeare and Dickens, but he quotes, not to illustrate, expand and embellish his argument, but to score a point, chalk up a mark and give a knowing nod to the reader, audibly adding, poor fool if he knows not this. And then why does he deliberately harden his mental arteries?

> I am not an intellectual. . . . I am too tired after my day's work to man the intellectual palisade. When my work is finished, I want to eat, drink, smoke, and relax. I don't know very much, but

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> what I do know I know better than anybody, and I don't want to argue about it. . . . My mind is not a bed to be made and remade.

Is this frame of mind the product of old age or of success? It does not, of course, prevent him laying down the law about intellectual subjects. "In the last twelve years I have read no novel which I would not gladly have dropped half way through in favour of the dullest volume of the *Comédie Humaine*." Romains's Verdun volume? Evelyn Waugh? Virginia Woolf? His hatred of modern music is equalled by the severity of his views on modern poetry; but his disdainful quotation from T. S. Eliot and the modern poem which he quotes with approval do not lead one to believe that he has an *ear* for poetry, however much he may enjoy it. Of course, half the time he is really belabouring the prigs and pretentious frauds, the Konishevs, Kukshinas and Burlaps of the arts whom, Mr. Agate may be assured, intellectuals detest as much as he. (Readers of this journal will, however, be relieved to hear that Mr. Mortimer has received the okay from one of Mr. Agate's friends: he "was never one of your . . . Bloomsbury Yahoos but merely runs with the wrong pack.") In fact one cannot rid oneself of two evil suspicions. First, Mr. Agate is determined to preserve the beam in his own eye; and secondly, he is secretly frightened that, for all their obliquity and absurdity, intellectuals strive for something which he will never possess.

And yet . . . what a card Mr. Agate is! What singular vitality and good vulgar zip there is in his writing. He rejoices in a quality which the eighteenth century esteemed . . . he is a man of bottom. He is downright, trenchant, he admires commonsense; he is English in liking only what he understands and damning the rest out of hand; he has a deal of wit and likes to put people and ideas in their place with mighty prejudice and magnificent aplomb. Nor does he exclude himself. He does not feel worthy to be called the compeer of G. H. Lewes, Shaw, Montague and Walkley. He gives Desmond MacCarthy pride of place among living critics and only laments that he has not written more. And yet it is possible that Mr. Agate gains almost as much as he loses from not being an intellectual. For intellectual critics often become too absorbed in the ideas within the play; they divagate into discussions on Aristotle, on reality, structure or development of character. Intent on pursuing the drama, they forget that the animal's lair is in the theatre. Not so Mr. Agate: he knows every burrow, warren and earth. He is as much a part of the theatre as the oldest trouper; and when one rereads his notices, one realises how futile it is to consider criticising acting or discoursing about the drama until one has seen an eternity of plays. He has read everything about the theatre, his memory extends over years of first nights, he has seen the great players who are now only names to some of us. He probably swapped stories with the women who used to sell oranges in the pit. Reading his *Red Letter Nights*, one is awed by the soundness of his judgments, the skill of his dissection, and the acuteness of his perception. Dramatic criticism, like acting, is primarily hard work.

And indeed, when he writes about the theatre, one detects a note absent from the rest of his writing; there is that genuine feeling, which is born of understanding, knowledge and love of the stage. No one, except possibly Mr. Baring, can re-create a moment on the stage, a glance, the fall of a hand, the sudden turn of the head, and thus recapture and preserve the most evanescent of all the arts. Cries of irritation often break from us: for instance, when we hear that a producer "is engaged by the management to conceal the fact that the players cannot act. All any actor who can really play Macbeth wants in the way of a producer is a stage manager to see that the ghost of Banquo bobs up at the right time." Perhaps that is why the play is always mishandled on the London stage. But how pleasant it is to hear Mme Françoise Rosay's reply on being asked what she thought of the English stage: "J'ai vu *Fur Coat*." With what pleasure do we breathe these exhalations of his memory:

> I have an exact and vivid recollection of the inflections of sentences uttered thirty, forty, even fifty years ago—inflections which still come into mind and are as fresh to-day as when I heard them. Let me recount a few. . . . I can still hear the hoarse croak of Réjane in Bataille's *La Vierge Folle* saying to the Duke whose daughter her husband has seduced: "Vous parlez comme si la défloraison de votre fille était une défaite nationale." Janet Achurch as Nora, and the sudden drop in her voice in her "Let me pass, please" to Dr. Rank. Her stirring "That's a good bid, Eugene," in *Candida*. . . . I can still see the noble and classic gesture with which Forbes Robertson accompanied his exquisite delivery of Hamlet's "Give me that man that is not passion's slave." And still recollect Edward Terry saying in *Sweet Lavender*, "Blame, blame, blame; but praise—oh dear no!" And the rudeness of Mrs. Pat as Paula Tanqueray, saying to her neighbour Mrs. Cortelyon, "I fancy I *have* observed a roof." . . . And Irene Vanbrugh's "I'll make short work of you, my lord." Or George Alexander in *His House in Order* saying suavely, "You should treat my lady to Paris oftener, Sir Daniel." . . . Hawtrey's drawl and Miss Compton saying in her deep voice, "Have a bit on Flickamaroo."

Nor does this delight in stage business, in acting for its own sake, impede his criticism of the drama. When Mr. Agate gets down to it, he shows his ability to juggle with the acts and situations of the weightiest plays with ease. *Red Letter Nights* contains criticisms of over a hundred plays; Restoration drama, Ibsen, Chehov, Strindberg, Pirandello and numbers of other foreign plays; American and English plays. His criticism is neither such a work of art in itself nor of such profundity that it supersedes the play in question. I think it lacks deep emotional insight as well. But it sends one to the theatre. In buying both these books one will not only be entertained, but will do a kindness to Mr. Agate's bank manager; but be careful, before falling into a fit of maddened frenzy, to make sure that the window is wide open or the fire well stoked.

NOEL ANNAN

THE SAXON CONQUEST OF BRITAIN

The Battle for Britain in the Fifth Century. By TRELWANEY DAYRELL REED. *Methuen. 10s. 6d.*

As one brought up in the first instance to a childlike acceptance of the stories of Vortigern, Rowena, and Hengist and Horsa, and then transferred to an atmosphere of almost utter scepticism, I welcome this book. With but three "original" sources on which to draw, Gildas, Nennius, and the *Chronicle*, I did not know but that I was in a realm for which legend was too mild a name. Arthur probably never existed, and the very site of the Battle of Mount Badon was totally unknown. But gradually my ideas underwent a further change. Beneath these stories, I felt, there was probably a basis of fact; but how was that fact to be unearthed? Mr. Reed's book, to a remarkable extent, answers that question.

First, he calls in the aid of archaeology. "The discovery of a treasured brooch at Sutton Courtenay tells its own story"; burial with belt-furniture was going out of fashion in the second quarter of the fifth century; and the evolution of ornament on the solid type of saucer was effected in the latter half of the sixth century in the Upper Thames region. From these and similar facts Mr. Reed comes to the conclusion that there were three primary Saxon areas in addition to those recorded in history. Next, he proceeds to investigate the literary sources, and his work shows that Gildas is, in the main, a reliable witness; and even Nennius, if carefully compared with Gildas, will yield results. The *Chronicle* has its errors in dates, but they are not too serious. Nor does Mr. Reed neglect other sources, such as Geoffrey of Monmouth and Hector Boece; and the careful collation of them all enables him, he says, "to clothe the skeleton with flesh," or, in other words, to reconstruct in trustworthy detail the major events of the fourth and fifth centuries in Britain.

He is cautious. We may know more about Arthur than we think, says he; but if there never was an historical personage of that name, then someone else rode to victory at Badon Hill. "Nor do I know where Badon Hill stands, but I hope to show that I have formed a shrewd idea." Despite all his reservations, it is pretty clear that he believes not only in the existence of Arthur, Uther's son, and the general-in-chief under Ambrosius, but also in his victory at Mount Badon; and later on he actually gives us a map, with Badon marked close by Liddington Hill in the Upper Thames Valley.

I cannot, of course, follow him in detail; but I must mention that at the end comes a dated *Chronicle*, which, as he declares, in all probability rightly, "bears a close relationship to fact."

E. E. KELLETT

The Political Quarterly, July-September, 1944. *Macmillan. 5s.*

Two articles in the current issue of the *Political Quarterly* continue the series in which various writers have been dealing with the reform of the post-war machinery of government. Mr. D. W. Logan's treatment of Delegated Legislation is lively and sensible. He exposes many of the fallacies of the critics and is strongly in favour of a Commission, on the lines already adopted in America, to investigate and report on the way in which the system actually works. Mr. Asterley Jones contributes the sixth article in the series on Regional Administration. Mr. Arnold-Forster, in an article on Civil Air Transport, calls attention to the sinister situation which is being created by private and vested interests, a situation deliberately created in order to make any such policy with regard to civil aviation as has been put forward by the Labour Party impossible. Dr. Plummer contributes an interesting and practical study of methods and machinery for the control of war materials in peace, and Mrs. Cole writes about the Fabian Society which has just celebrated its diamond jubilee.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

HOLST: *The Hymn of Jesus.* Huddersfield Choral Society and Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (H.M.V. C3399-3401).

SCHUBERT: *Overture in the Italian Style.* Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (Col. DX1157).

IRELAND: *A London Overture.* Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (Col. DX1156–7).

SAINT-SAENS: *Omphale's Spinning Wheel.* Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (Col. DX1151).

DOHNANYI: *Variations on a Nursery Tune.* Cyril Smith with Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (Col. DX1148–50).

CHOPIN: *Polonaise Fantaisie, op.* 61. Kentner (Col. DX1146–7).

SCHUMANN: *Sonata for Violin and Piano in A minor* (Op. 105). Adolf Busch and Rudolf Ferkin (H.M.V. DB3371–2).

BRAHMS: "Come Away Death," "The Gardener," "The Death of Trenar," "Where'er the Sounding Harp," for choir, 2 horns, 1 harp. The Nottingham Oriana Choir, with D. Brain, N. Del Mar, and G. Mason (Decca M560–562).

HANDEL: "As when the Dove" (*Acis and Galatea*). Isobel Baillie with Liverpool Philharmonic (Col. DX1158).

ROSSINI: "'Tis the Spring of All Invention" and "Fifteen My Number Is" (*The Barber of Seville*). Webster Booth and Dennis Noble, with Liverpool Philharmonic (H.M.V. C3398).

STANFORD: } "A Soft Day"
WARLOCK: } "Milkmaids" and "Captain Stratton's Fancy." Roy Henderson (Decca M563).

Medtner: } *Fairy Tale*, Op. 42. No. 1.
Kachaturyan: } *Toccata*. Moiseiwitsch (H.M.V. C3397).

Smetana: *From My Homeland*, No. 2. Frederick Grinke and Ivor Newton (Decca M564).

Seiber: *Phantasy for Cello and Piano*. William Pleeth and Margaret Good (Decca M565).

Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* dates from fairly late in his career—1917—after the *Planets*,* but before *Egdon Heath*. Much performed at its first appearance, it does not seem to have preserved its popularity. There is an obvious reason for this: it is a very mannered work, and the manner, which was congenial to us at the end of the last war, quickly became less so. Nevertheless the *Hymn* was a good choice of the British Council's, for it is highly characteristic of certain aspects of English music and is in itself a work of striking integrity. The plainsong theme with which it opens not only indicates the later harmonic structure, but implies that what we are about to hear is a homophonic piece of music. This point is interesting and peculiar. Holst hardly ever, in this work, allows the choral parts to move about freely in a contrapuntal texture, but keeps them tied to each other in choral blocks, like the wind instruments of the classical orchestra. This procedure has its dangers which Holst does not avoid: his fondness for triad sequences is given too full a scope, the choral writing is at times rather muddy, and the soprano tessitura is unkindly high. In fact, the work as a whole makes me wish (not for the first time) that Holst had been a slightly cleverer composer. As it is, the *Hymn of Jesus* is not as effective in performance as the evident inspiration would seem to warrant. But it is emphatically worth careful attention, especially in view of the very fine performance and recording here given, both of which are up to the standard of the *Belshazzar's Feast* set issued some time ago.

Schubert and Ireland both appear in humorous vein, the latter rather less light-heartedly than the former. Both Schubert and Mozart before him enjoyed poking mild fun at the academisms of their day, and this Italian overture makes great play with empty busy-ness, tonic-dominant fiddle-faddle, and the kind of motionless hurry characteristic of Rossini at his most inattentive. But Schubert could not write wholly dull music if he tried, and even this pastiche is full of charming, witty and beautiful things. The performance and recording are excellent. John Ireland's *London Overture* is equally good in its way; in fact, I incline to place it among the composer's best flights. The chief tune was, I believe, inspired by hearing a bus conductor's voice saying "Piccadilly"; it is perky and eminently malleable. The piece covers a considerable ground of feeling, and the *Stimmung* of London is caught, I think, better than by Elgar, though less comprehensively than by Vaughan Williams. This is light music of the best kind.

Those of us who were brought up on *Le Rouet d'Omphale* have a sneaking affection for it. Of course it is rather thin, rather sugary, rather mechanical; and as a tone poem it is painfully obvious. But it is not shoddy; Saint-Saëns was one of the finest musicians of his day and this piece in particular is a model of discreet scoring. If you do not know it I advise giving it a chance: this recording displays its points very well and does not smudge the pretty colours.

I should like to be able to say the same of the new recording of another piece of academic charm—the Dohnanyi *Variations;* but one can only do so with reservations. The old set, with the composer at the piano, has rather lost its brilliance, but in every other respect it is superior to this. One misses the Viennese atmosphere, the lightness and vividness and humour. These records are distressingly heavy-footed; the solo part is accurate but characterless, few of the tempi are (to judge by the old recording) Dohnanyi's, and there is an unnecessarily clumsy turnover from sides 5 to 6. But the recording is admirably clear and in spite of the thick scoring it is possible at any given moment to hear everything that is going on—an immense advantage.

Those who possess Rubinstein's recording of the Chopin *Polonaise-Fantaisie* are not recommended to exchange it for Kentner's. This fine but unaccountable pianist here gives a febrile and exhibitionistic performance for which I can find no warrant in the music. It is vulgar to *record* this kind of piece as if you were playing in the arena at Wembley. The audience for a recording (as for a broadcast) is the single listener, upon whom concert antics and other forms of emphasis make a disagreeable impression. And why has the pianist seen fit to add octaves to the final chord? The division of the chord, as Chopin wrote it, is far subtler as well as more effective.

A personal feeling puts Schumann's G minor Violin Sonata before the better known one in D minor, but I have no technical or other reasons to give for the preference. Both sonatas were written late in the composer's career, to say which is equivalent to pointing out that Mendelssohnian quality which so unfortunately dulled the bright stream of Schumann's youthful inspiration. But this sonata is none the less a noble piece of music in the classical tradition: the themes are memorable and the whole thing is transfigured by a performance of which the listener is unlikely to tire.

The peculiar ensemble of choir, 2 horns and harp for which Brahms set a good number of poems during his early, Detmold period, was due to the peculiar musical conditions which apparently obtained at the ducal court. The experiment was worth making and well worth recording, though the works of the Detmold period (which include, if I remember right, the two deadly Serenades) are among Brahms's most leaden compositions. There is nothing arrestingly interesting about these songs; they are only fairly good examples of German romantic music; but they add something to our knowledge of Brahms's style, in its developing stage, and the performance is exceptionally good.

In the Handel aria the indefatigable Miss Baillie again surprises us by the nimbleness of her vocal technique; that upward phrase cannot be easy to execute without a "scoop"—yet there is no suspicion of one here. "As When the Dove" has that combination of majesty and sprightliness which is the essence of the baroque style in music. Rossini, on the other hand, was really a rococo artist who lived on into the romantic period; sprightliness he can always manage, and infinite grace in decoration, but majesty seldom or never. In the *Barber* he does not attempt it. This is perhaps why that opera has outlived others of his, such as *William Tell* and *Semiramide*, which contain as good, or better, music. Webster Booth and Dennis Noble can scarcely be regarded as the ideal duo for this type of thing; but there is a war on, so we must not be ungrateful for what is in fact a very competent display.

I cannot like the songs which that moving singer, Roy Henderson, has chosen to record on this disc: they belong to what I regard as the worst tradition of English song writing. This stricture applies particularly to Stanford; Peter Warlock is, as a composer of songs, in a higher category, but "Milkmaid" and "Captain Stratton's Fancy" do not seem to me to show his gift to advantage.

Nor does the *Fairy Tale*, op. 42, No. 1, give us the best of Medtner, who is an admirable stylist in a tradition no longer admitted in "'advanced" circles. This snooty attitude always seems to me a pity, especially in the case of Medtner, who writes as well for the piano as Rachmaninoff; which is saying a lot. I wish Moiseiwitsch, who has already recorded the Sonata in G minor, would give us the thrilling Sonate-Ballades, the spacious E minor sonata (an encyclopaedia of pianistic writing and full of most imaginative pages), or one of the concerti. The *Toccata* is brilliant and empty, like everything else by Kachaturyan. The style owes a great deal to Ravel, but has none of that composer's magic.

The little piece by Smetana is warm, fresh and vivacious, as Czech music seldom fails to be, and

YOUR MIND
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Frederick Grinke plays it with feeling and energy; but the effect is imponderably slight.

The *Phantasy* by Matthias Seiber is recorded under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of New Music—a venture most warmly to be encouraged. I can imagine a whole series of contemporary works, not particularly costly to perform, which might be successfully brought to a wider public in this fashion. Seiber's *Phantasy* is severe, to say the least of it, and too closely imitative of Bartok to stand very firmly on its own legs. But it is respect worthy, serious and not at all unpleasant to listen to. The performers stick firmly to their brief. If I cannot find much to praise in this piece, I applaud the spirit which chose it, and look forward to what I hope will prove an endless series of contemporary issues.

It will not have escaped my readers' attention that, in the opinion of this writer, the level of English recording has risen very considerably in the past year. What this is due to, I would not know, but the fact gives cause for satisfaction and hope.

Finally, some requests. One of the best chamber music ensembles now in England, the London Belgian Quartet, not long ago gave a most beautiful performance of Fauré's *Second Piano Quintet in G minor*. This is one of the most consistently fine works of its kind in the whole of musical literature and it has never been recorded. Will not one of the companies ask the London Belgian Quartet to record it? Other works calling out for attention are Anthony Collins's version of Schubert's *Grand Duo*, Debussy's *Gigues* and *Rondes de Printemps*, and Elgar's *Cello Concerto*, of which the existing set is really too old.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 756

Set by W. R.

Escapists are invited to write 20 lines of verse explaining when and where they would like to have been born, and the reasons for their choice. Entries must be received by August 7th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 753

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for a set of three clerihews on smells, pleasant or unpleasant.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

The prize-money is to be divided between Hardy Amies (one of the best living Clerihewers), I. C. Saul, Little Billee, Constance Sewell, Towanbucket, L. E. J., F. C. C. and R. J. P. Hewison. I wish there were more space for first-rate single shots.

A whiff of Molyneux "Five".
Helps to keep alive
The myth that there
Was an avant-guerre.

I wonder whether
Real Russian leather
Has more of the stables
Than of mink and sables.

Now, Camembert
Isn't quite so rare
I've hopes built on
Soon smelling some Stilton.

A touch of Patchouli
Made Victorians unruly;
To-day a chap
Needs "Shocking" by Schiap.

The smell of a cachou
Is taboo:
It only draws attention
To what your best friend wouldn't mention

HARDY AMIES

This Halitosis
Neurosis
Indubitably wrecks
Sex. . . .

It behoves
The sociable to keep away from cloves
Of garlic . . . Garlic simply seals the fate
Of a tête-à-tête—or date. . . .

The sole cat
That I abhor is Pole-cat,
Which you
Can *smell* for all his camouflage as "Fitchew

I. C. SAUL

At the scent of a nosegay
Everyone goes gay—
Unless it contains a Stinking Hellebore,
In which case it's a blinking smelly bore!

The smell of new-mown hay
Delights the human *nez*;
But to some it's quite
Too feverish a delight.

For fragrance, the wallflowers
I'd put before all flowers,
Except, I suppose,
The—night-scented stock (you thought I was
going to say *rose*).

"LITTLE BILLEE"

If you wear the new sorter
Lavender water
They'll say your breath
Stinks of meth.

Sour-milk-and-wet-wool
Was ambivalent pull
The joy and the curse
Of babies to nurse.

Smelling salts
Have faults
But recall
Powerful woman who swooned for nothing at all

(Mrs.) CONSTANCE SEWELL

Acetylene gas
Was discovered by some ass
Who is said
To have had a cold in the head.

I refuse to truckle
To the scent of honeysuckle:
The bee
Can have it for me.

The breath of the pine
For mine,
Or the tang of the smoke that weaves
Through burning leaves.

TOWANBUCKET

"Mulier (a Woman)
Bene olet quae non olet," said the Roman;
A dictum the modern mulier
Thinks peculiar.

Dr. Johnson told a belle
"Madam, I stink; you smell."
This distinction he showed her
Left him in bad odour.

"Non olet pecunium (Money)"
So it's funny,
When you come to think of it,
How many people stink of it.

L. E. J.

There was a joyless odour,
About the nursery cake made with soda,
That told you there was no greater mistake
Than a Nice Wholesome Cake.

A sun-warmed rose
Puts Heaven up one's nose;
A varnished cabin in a nasty swell,
Hell.

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Earth after a shower
Smells like Paradise in the first hour:
Eve might still be there
In a fountain of yellow hair.
F. C. C.

When Ouida writes of patchouli
One's pulses do not race unduly;
For, though one has often spelt it,
One has never smelt it.

The aromas of coffee, tea and cigars,
While still in boxes, caddies and jars,
Are much sweeter than those they produce
When put to their destined use.

Of summer scents, number one,
Is that of pine-trees warmed by the sun.
Second, though nearly in the first rank,
Is that of bruised rushes by a river's bank.
R. J. P. Hewison

Though I've long been diocesan thurifer,
I still do not feel a bit sure if a
Fried fish shop
Would attract the Lord Bishop.
Phiz

Perhaps it's as well
That the musk's lost its smell;
It gets quite enough stimulus
From being called mimulus.
Lucian Oldershaw

In provincial concert halls
The smell of moth balls
Emerging from boiled shirting
Is disconcerting.
Frank Spooner

The sweet smell of a rose
Soon goes,
But the awful one of drains
Remains.
Nancy Gunter

The fragrance of the Middle Ages
Exhales from Mr. Belloc's pages;
For the other smells
Read Mr. Wells.

Odour of sanctity,
Unmistakably C. of E.,
Is compound of worm-eaten oak,
Damp, dust, lamp-oil, and coke.
E. V. Milner

Common or garden cheeses
Have a smell which pleases,
But the more expensive kinds have a stench
Which would make the Devil blench.
C. H. Barratt

Garden of gardens, Kew,
Where visitors are few,
The summer scents are many,
The entrance but a penny.
Sir Robert Witt

To get our musk we do not rear
The hornless male Tibetan deer
We synthesise, my darling Eileen
Trinitro-buytl-meta-xylene.
"Stavin Chain"

Subtler than
A yashmak-smothered breath in far Oman,
Or incense wafted through a silent cloister—
An oyster.

A title purchased in another age
Grows milder through long years of heritage
But when it's new,
Phew!!!
L. G. Udall

Hounds favour
The fox's rank savour,
And, oddly enough, men are content
To regard it as scent.
E. W. Fordham

I love a *French* smell!
Something between heaven and hell,
Pommes frites and kid gloves,
Urinoirs and first loves.
A. M. P.

Roes by any other name
May look the same.
But the smell's
Like nothing else.
A/Lt. (A) Gragge

Al, The Yank, thought Hoboken stank
"But Tunbridge Wells! Boy *that* smells."
A. D. C.

Strange that ambergris does best in
A whale's intestine!
As for the source of civet,
I prefer not to give it.
Leslie Johnson

Silence descends
On one's best friends,
But the makers of "Lifebuoy"
Are not half so coy.
Richard Pomfret

Would I were in the Eski Hissarlik,
Munching garlic!
After the shelter-nights of the present
Its whiff would be pleasant.
Guy Innes

Lifting a corner of the curtain
On forgotten childhood memories come certain
Sudden, elusive, intense
Scents.
Stanley J. Sharpless

People tell
Of "that glorious farmyard smell."
But I'm not sure
About manure.
Sphinx

Some yearn
For Morny's "French Fern,"
Some
For Bocardi's rum.

The mess fish
Often makes me wish
I could smell
Less well.
(Sgt.) Peter Chamberlain

Boiling tar, as used for road-mending,
Has a smell God might have been proud of sending.
Oddly enough, we can
Claim it for man.
F. W. Hogan

The gardener tells
By his flowers' smells,
What is the time of day,
And whether it's June or May.
William Bliss

Spindrift of salt sea
Is heartache to me
And what Memories can evoke
The tang of wood-smoke.
Yorick

The smell of Castile soap
Connotes for me juvenile hope.
They used to wash me at night with it—
And everything was put right with it.
R. S. Jaffray

The war, I think,
Is the biggest stink.
And the peace, you can tell,
Won't be exactly Chanel.
Sam Platts

This steak and kidney pie
Is high.
We shall have to have spam.
Damn.
Patric Curwen

Once we grew roses
To please our noses:
Since then, the grafter
Has become dafter.
Allan M. Laing

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